

THE  
DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1851.

MY FIRST REFERENCE.

It is a very rainy afternoon in April; my little counting room office in Pine street has a lonely feel; and that banging back shutter of heavy iron, is enough to make one think of the Inquisition.

My partner left in the Baltic yesterday (a nice night he had of it, too, I'll wager, what with the wind and waves of a first sea voyage), and the cashier—old Chuffee, as the boys have named him since Martin Chuzzlewit was published—has left with a rheumatism. My clerks are by the front door studying signs and awnings; if they see any sign of the Zodiac this rainy weather, but that of Pisces, may I be — wet.

So I'll e'en wile away an hour by jotting down a few reminiscences connected with my First Reference.

I have a great respect for law in the abstract; and for that matter it is all in the *abstract*, as every victim of costs can testify. It is indeed the perfection of reason, which is the reason, I suppose, of its perfection. But I'll not digress.

Every merchant knows what a reference is. Who is there in business that has not, week after week, climbed weary stairways with his lawyer, a bundle of papers, and some account books, to sit and parboil some common sense matter over a green baized table, and stir it up with a wilderness of unmended pens? Who is there that has not *felt* his three dollars a meeting leaving his pocket while the spectacled referee and the "distinguished counsel," devote the first fifteen minutes of the hour's sitting to pleasant social talk, and the last fifteen minutes to some discussion of a personal matter? And who has not felt the need of an extra glass of brandy at dinner, after perusing one of these Reference bills at the termination of the Reference labors?

My *first* Reference, however, was a good stroke. I think, however, its ultimate effect was bad. Like the winning novice at faro, winning your first lawsuit has a fascination which is ruinous.

It was in the speculation times of 1836. I had sauntered one day into the Exchange Coffee-house, where that most gentlemanly of all created auctioneers—Mr. Anthony Bleecker—was selling real estate, knocking down whole townships as if they were

dahlia roots, or mere excrescences of the soil; and throwing around "good bargains in lots," with the recklessness of a spendthrift with his quarterly allowance of guineas.

It was "Going—going."

"Splendid chance that," said a slim gentleman in spectacles, striking a post with his substantial cane.

"Pity you are tied up in the Jericho and Babylon village market," returned his companion, "or you might go in."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "I must work off some three hundred of those Long Island purchases before I venture further."

"Confound that cursed note," soliloquized a third, in a corner by myself; "this is, indeed, a chance."

My attention was excited; I drew near to the auctioneer. A merry-eyed negro was holding up a small board, on which was nailed a highly inflammatory diagram (as far as colors went) of some ten or twenty squares. A beautiful river (appropriately colored blue) meandered by the margin of the paper; and an immense market house (as appropriately defined in green) reared its pink cupola in the centre.

"What do I hear for this fine square—forty lots in all—just on the edge of the Passaic river, in the fine village of Paterson—well adapted for a country seat, or as an investment for manufacturing purposes? What do I hear—only ten dollars a lot bid, do I hear any more?" cried the voluble auctioneer.

"Ten dollars a lot! I'll give the purchaser ten times that in a month's time," said the slim gentleman in specs, who had now moved by my side.

I happened to have a spare check in my pocket for five hundred dollars, designed as a souvenir for my wife. (Big times you remember those were, reader.) The devil (I'm sure it was) whispered me to go in.

"Twelve" I cried, on top of the slim gentleman's "eleven" (his enthusiasm to appearances had got the better of his discretion).

"Going at twelve—only twelve do I hear—twelve, twelve?"

I looked around nervously.

The slim gentleman was busy at a catalogue of some other property. I saw

a fatter man wink to the negro who held the diagram.

"Ah," thought I, "the slim one is discomfited; the fat man appreciates my good fortune."

"Yours at twelve," cried Bleecker, with his best bow and pleasantest smile.

I walked towards the desk; pulled out my pocket book, and handed the check to an old clerk who smelt terribly of snuff.

"Ah! so much cash down; give you the deeds and notes to-morrow."

"Notes!" said I, starting.

"Yes—one third down in cash—two thirds in the approved notes of the purchasers. See it at the terms of sale at bottom—the bid was for the third cash, which also settled the amount of notes."

I was reflecting.

The slim man came towards us.

"If you repent put it up again. Good morning, Mr. Babcock (aside from the snuffy clerk to a noted land agent just entering by a side door), the Paterson lots on the river just gone."

"Deuced unlucky" (from Babcock).

"As I was saying 'put it up again,'" continued the snuffy clerk.

The slim man had been whispered to by the awful Babcock, and was coming towards us. He looked fidgety. It decided me. Besides, was an old merchant to confess his ignorance of the value of property by seeming to think twelve dollars a lot was the full price?

"Oh, no; not in the least, and as you say, 'the notes and deeds to-morrow,' send them to the office."

The slim man offered the clerk his snuff-box.

The grains caught my nose, and I sneezed.

"A bargain not to be sneezed at," cried the slim man.

"Ha, ha, ha," from the clerk.

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Business soon afterwards got brisk. I forgot all about my purchase. The Passaic river flowed on my land; and the deeds slumbered in the office of the New Jersey County Clerk. A map of the lots filled up a corner of my safe. Then business slackened off. A Southern planter shirked a ten thousand dollar note and went to Texas. Money became tighter.

One day while adding up the amount of bills receivable, to meet a payment, in came the runner of the Bank of America with a notice. "Your note for" — &c.

It was one for the Paterson purchase.

"Confound it," said I, "I wish the lots were in the river."

But then the cash already paid! It was not to be lost of course. I'll go and look at my purchase.

I did so.

By dint (after reaching the village of Paterson after a villainous five hours' drive through red mud) of great perseverance, aided by the postmaster, I discovered my purchase. It had been used from time immemorial (which means a dozen years or so, in modern parlance) as the deposit of coal cinders of a foundry hard by. An Irish squatter had built a shanty on the corner. His wife's weekly washing dangled in flowing contrast to the black coals beneath, ten feet over the surface of the ground.

I sat down on the fence and groaned.

"You don't think o' buying this old place, do you, Mister?" quoth the postmaster, grinding some of the coal ashes with his heel.

I groaned again.

"In'nardly calculatin', I dare say," soliloquized the old man. "Oh, this speculation!"

"What may it be worth?" I found breath to ask.

"Worth? Maybe a matter of fifty dollars. The village think of buying it for a pound. They'd go that, I think, if the title is bad."

I could hear no more, but drove back to town dinnerless, and in despair.

The next morning I went to my business in no happy mood. While half way down town, met my young friend, Alison, a lawyer of some three years' standing. He commenced a pleasant chat. It was of the money market and real estate. Perhaps I should have said an unpleasant chat.

"Ah!—real estate—deuce take it," said I. "I've had my dose."

"Cornered, eh?"

"Tightly?"

And I told him the story.

"Worth fifty dollars, and you've paid nearly five hundred; a note for another five hundred due next week; and the old postmaster says it's worth to the village for a pound, fifty dollars. It is, indeed, a bad fix."

"And that's not all. It's bad in title," he said.

"Bad in title," almost shrieked the young lawyer, clutching me nervously by the arm. "It may be your salvation. Glorious!"

I looked at him in surprise; and he explained that which I ought to have seen before at a glance. If bad, and the deed warranted good, I might be released.

I gave him the job. He posted off

to Paterson for a search. Returned the next day in triumph; a piece of ground in the purchase, some thirty feet square, belonged, without doubt, to some heirs in Ohio, and my vendor had no right at all to it.

I shook my head. "Alas!" said I, "it's but one lot out of forty, and I bought in lots."

"Pshaw! humbug; you bought for a country seat of course. Banks of the river, and all that. *Malum in uno, malum in omnibus.*"

I pondered.

"It's as clear as can be. Any jury would say so."

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It ended in a Reference!

The vendor had been duly advised of my throwing up the purchase. By good luck my notes had not been endorsed out of his possession. I disputed the consideration, and put injunction on their negotiation. Everything went on swimmingly—so my lawyer said; and I'm sure I was all afloat!

But the Reference!

We met in a back room at Clark & Brown's present place, in Maiden lane. My young friend, the lawyer, understood tactics. We had three retired tradesmen for referees or arbitrators, all of whom loved their glass.

"There's nothing like a cheerful place for a Reference," said my legal adviser; "and we'll take care to let them know who furnished the place."

The room was large and airy. A spacious table, with a cheerful red cover cloth, stood at its upper end. Plenty of the best paper, and pens from the best pen maker in the city—obedient ink, too; and the sharpest of paper folders. On a small table hard by, was a fine assortment of sandwiches, cold punch, and champagne.

The Referees rubbed their hands as they took their seats; and even the vendor of the unhappy lots deigned to take a sly glass as a refresher—just to calm his spirits for his anticipated victory.

My legal friend took care to let them know who furnished the provender; and recommenced.

The lawyer of my adversary was a hard boned, cautious old fox. My friend, with all his dashing impudence of self-possession, was evidently afraid of him.

"I have it," he whispered me, "each one shall conduct his own case."

I made the proposition.

My adversary was a self-conceited, pompous man. Besides, the punch was in his

head; and despite all his adviser could say, he consented to be his own lawyer, and making the adage true, "for once have a fool for his client." Egad, I believe, by the way he chuckled, he thought the same thing of me!

His adviser left in a huff. Mine discreetly remained.

"Remember the country seat," he whispered me, as I rose to open the case.

I did remember the country seat. I trust eloquence was duly represented upon that occasion, as I painted my feelings on going to the auction. The delight with which I hailed so eligible a situation. How I dreamed of the purchase. How I laid plans for the grounds and mansion. How all my expectations were cruelly blasted by the intelligence that the title of a part—just in the centre of the place—was defective; and that angry heirs of a deceased shoemaker might at any time eject me, or force me to a heavy liquidation of damages.

I sat down, and my vendor answered; he had forgotten all about the sale in lots. He acknowledged the beauty of the location (I am positive he had never seen it), and its fitness for a country seat; but said the sale was expressly without guarantee.

The thickest haired of the referees bit a sandwich, and denied the propriety of such a sale. What's a sale of land without a guarantee of title? The vendor was wrong there. He hoped his brethren (another bite at the sandwich) would frown upon any such doctrine.

My adversary was in a quandary. He gave in. The referees reported on the spot. We drank up all the champagne, and ordered in another instalment of sandwiches. My notes were given up. I recovered my \$500, and expenses.

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About a year ago I was in the Ramapo railroad cars, flying towards New York. I had been up on the line of the Erie railroad. We came to Paterson. As we neared the river a slim gentleman turned his half face towards me, as if to look out. It was my fidgety friend at the auction, grown some twenty years older in look. We came to the foundry. A whiz—a shadow—a rattle. We had passed the forty lots, and they were but ash heaps yet. He turned. Our eyes met. He coughed. I sneezed.

Was there animal magnetism here? Did I remember the snuffy clerk?

Apropos, the snuffy clerk was right in the first instance; *the purchase was not to be sneezed at.*

A. O. H.

## MUSIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

I AM an angel, child of time, O listen !  
 My plumes within the morning rays are ringing,  
 All the sweet nightingales are welcome singing,  
 And in my smile the gay, green forests glisten :

I kiss the lips of man, and this wide dwelling  
 Rises upon his ears a godlike poem ;  
 Wave, wood, field, air a mystic story show him,  
 And streams of Eden in his heart are welling.

Eternal Love, whose beauty never dieth,  
 Appears a glory on all pathways breaking ;  
 From every tone its shrouding mantle fliehth ;  
 Silence with shouts of gladness is awaking.

The arch of heaven in echoing song rejoices,  
 And, drunk with bliss, he quaffs the angel voices.

*Newbury Port, Mass.*

E. A. W.

## SONG.

BY MRS. EMMA BALL.

Nor Wealth nor name of note is mine,  
 Nor Beauty's witchery ;  
 A loving heart is all the store  
 That I can bring to thee.  
 A heart so moulded like thine own,  
 By kindred lessons taught,  
 That like event will waken still  
 In each responsive thought  
 A love that through Life's every change  
 Around the loved will cling ;  
 And, watchful, ward each evil off,  
 Or blunt at least its sting.

Not mine the buoyant gaiety  
 That sunny childhood wears :  
 The eye that tear hath never dimmed,  
 The cheek ne'er paled by care,  
 But mine that earnest sympathy—  
 That depth of tenderness—  
 Which hearts that sorrow ne'er hath known,  
 But seldom may possess.  
 And, dearest, though a loving heart  
 Is all that I can bring,  
 I do believe thou'l prize it more  
 Than gaudier offering.

## THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

**FRIDAY, April 6, 1849.**—We were all at breakfast, which is a perpetual novelty to a good appetite, lengthening out (with the aid of tough steak, a remnant of our Rio Janeiro supply) that important break in the monotony of a sea voyage, and quite reluctant to begin upon the prospect of a dreary sea day, when the second officer, with a manner and a courtesy that he put on as he took off his tarpaulin on entering the cabin, and in a gusty voice that seemed to resound with the echo of a deck oath, announced to the captain that land was seen directly ahead by the man in the foretop. We were all soon upon deck, looking at the land, which seemed like a long, grey cloud upon the horizon. As we approached, the outline of the coast became more and more distinct, until its aspect and form could be readily distinguished. It was a barren looking waste, apparently rising some three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, the face that it presented to us showing a clay formation, washed by the waters into a rough, broken looking cleavage, with an undulating surface on the summit, terminating in an abrupt bluff at the southern extremity. There was some doubt on the part of our captain as to whether this was Cape Virgin, the point looked for, the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. He was inclined to think that it was a portion of the coast of Patagonia, to the north probably Cape Fairweather. His doubts, however, were cleared up by a chart belonging to a passenger in the forecabin, on which there was a drawing of Cape Virgin, which corresponded so exactly with the land seen, that the captain was at once convinced that we were at the entrance of the Straits, and directed the course of the ship accordingly. At noon the sun was out, but the wind was stirring the grey clouds restlessly about, and throwing the spray high over the steamer's bow and the black funnel; the weather had a wild look.

We entered the Straits at 12 o'clock. The white sails of a New York pilot boat hovering gracefully like an albatross about the entrance, was a fresh reminder of home, and an impressive realization of Yankee ubiquity. As we entered, we sailed along the most dismal looking coast imaginable, bare and desert-like, with not a living thing to be seen upon it. The surface of the land seemed to be barely covered with a blighted peat of a sombre brown color. A flock of *wild* ducks, however,

gave us a sign of life, and hovered in the most friendly and social way about and through the rigging of the ship. They almost flapped their wings in our faces, and we could almost grasp them with our hands as they flew within arm's length,

"They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me."

Some of our matter of fact passengers however, alive to the fact that our sea-mutton had become stringy, and the ship's fowls decidedly scorbatic, remarked that the ducks were fat and plump looking, and that they seemed to offer themselves in a most hospitable way for dinner; but a Wall st. financier who is a *gourmand achevé* and an undisputed oracle in matters of taste, whether it be roast duck or Shakspeare and the musical glasses, having remarked that the Magellan ducks were probably fishy, they were left for the imagination to feast upon.

It was interesting to mark how the sight of land carried the thoughts of all back to their homes. A Nantucketer found it to correspond exactly in every feature with some familiar point about Cape Cod. A Providence man recognised some well known part of Narraganset bay; the Long Islanders were in ecstasy at discovering the beloved looks of their island home; "there was Huntington" there "Fishing Point," and there "Mackerel Bay." Those from Connecticut, Massachusetts, England, and Scotland, all found points of resemblance with places they had been familiar with from their boyhood up.

At six o'clock, P. M., we came to anchor in Provision bay. We were thus quietly harbored some nine thousand miles from home, in the Straits of Magellan, with Patagonia on the one side, and Terra del Fuego on the other. Some hundred and fifty of us that were seven weeks before in the midst of New York life—some in Broadway, some in the Bowery, and now living and talking, dining and breakfasting, eating and drinking, and smoking; clothed in pantaloons, coats and shirts, like Christians, while on both sides of us were unbreeched savages possibly supping on human flesh! It is curious to contemplate the fact of this piece of civilization; a New York steamboat, with its thousand appliances of science and civilization, floating into the very midst of this Ultima Thule, this far remote place, where Broadway

coats and Leary's hats, the Bible, Grace Church and Puseyism, Stewart's, French millinery, spendthrift wives and scolding husbands, evening parties, the fashionable Smiths and Jones, and the opera, a morning newspaper, a fireside and home are unknown. Let those who are for life in a state of nature take their chance with the Patagonians and the unbreeched Terra del Fuegians over roast man or cold clergyman (as Sydney Smith says), but give me, I say, life under the highest art, London, Paris, or New York, with broadcloth for the outer man and civilized mutton for theinner.

There was none of the usual eager desire to get ashore, no turning out of the best suit from the remote depths of stowed away trunks, nor sifting of letters of introduction, nor counting of money, nor any of the usual preliminaries to terrestrial felicity, so welcome after a long siege of marine misery. There seemed to prevail a very general contentment with our Brazilian beef, tough as it was—our sea-biscuit, indurate as it might be. A rational discretion governed the feelings of all on board. There was no disposition to test the hospitality of a Terra del Fuegian, who, in his confused notions, might look at a guest to feed upon, rather than to feed; who might literally devour him with a good appetite, rather than devour him figuratively with affection; and no one seemed disposed to leave his bones, after they had been well picked, to whiten upon the desert of Terra del Fuego. After making a hearty supper of a well preserved genuine Cheshire cheese and a bottle of Scotch ale, I turned in with the comfortable assurance that I was to eat and not to be eaten.

*Saturday, April 7th, 1849.*—I was up betimes in the morning. The steamer had just got under weigh. The pilot-boat which we had passed on entering the straits turned out to be the Hackstaff, for she had hailed us in the night as she crossed our bows to her anchorage under the land, inside of where we had moored. She announced herself as the Hackstaff, last from Rio Janiero, 21 days from thence bound to California. As we started, she was beating up spiritedly against a strong head wind; but, with our steam power, we soon shot ahead and lost sight of her. It had a spice of companionship and home in it, this sight of a New York pilot boat, with its gay, bright, and smart look, dashing about fearlessly in the gale, and as much at home apparently in these far distant waters as if she had been sailing in New York harbor.

Our sail this day would have been dull and sombre enough apart from the rosy tint given to it by the imagination, as it was busy in coloring the novelty of our position and varying the different aspects in which it was viewed. To the matter of fact eye there was nothing peculiar or characteristic to look at. A long range of barren looking coast bordered either side of our course, now approaching and narrowing into a strait, now widening into a bay; not a sign of life anywhere beyond a few seal plunging about in the disturbed waters—for it was blowing a gale—and a wild duck or startled sea bird, rarely seen, restlessly skimming the murky air.

As we passed through the "First Narrows" into the bay to which it leads, the sight of an American schooner stirred our blood, and a beautiful and familiar sight she was as she hove down upon us. She was the Roe of New York, bound to California. She did not reach within hailing distance, but as she flew past our stern on a wind, she cheered us heartily, all alive as she was with men and hurrahs, and we cheered as heartily back. We went mercilessly on our course, without stopping a moment to pass a word with our countrymen, so far from home. It was a strange meeting and a startling sound those loud huzzas in this remote desert place.

Towards evening, after passing through the "Second Narrows," the scenery of the coast appeared more varied and lofty; mountains, with their summits covered with perpetual snow, peered up in the distance beyond the nearer land of the coast. Some smoke, too, was observed curling up from a remote point of land, which set the Yankees a guessing and put the fancies of the more imaginative in a ferment. This was the only sign of human life that had yet shown itself from the land. Was this the camp fire of some Patagonian Indians or the signal, a call for help, of some shipwrecked Crusoe? We steamed mercilessly on. We are bound for gold, and cannot bide delay. A white survey mark showed itself clearly on a rocky bank as we passed, placed there by the survey party of the British man-of-war, the Adventurer, by whom this passage has been so admirably surveyed. A noble monument of the wisdom and generosity of the British government—a liberal boon to all nations. An example, too, to all nations for the right uses of a navy in times of peace. The day was exceedingly cold, more so than the 40° of the thermometer would seem to indicate. The wind blew all day with the force of a gale dead ahead.

*Sunday, April 8, 1849* —Last night, after writing my day's log, I went upon deck to smoke my cigar and take the air before turning in to sleep. We had just passed Port Famine, so called from the miserable end of some Spanish colonists, and a bright light glared from the place like a beacon fire. There was doubtless there some Indian encampment, where the Patagonians were signalizing their whereabouts, prepared to barter with the strangers, to trade their ostrich feathers, guanaco meat, or other savage articles of merchandise, for spirits, powder, tobacco, or other civilized articles in demand. The scenery had commenced to change in character, and we were sailing along the base of a high mountain, rising out of the water to some 3,000 feet, its summit covered with snow. It was a dismal night, the clouds were drifting restlessly about under the force of a fierce gale, it was as cold and cheerless as in the dead of winter, and the light of the moon, which was at its full, would rarely penetrate the darkness, bring out into distinct outline the steep mountain and its shadow thrown across the strait, light up the edges of the driving storm-cloud and disappear in gloom. The night was murky, fitful, and unsettled. The steamer, however, continued her course, groping carefully and slowly along the unknown channel throughout the night; the captain anxiously walking the deck, or studying his chart by the dim lantern which hung in the cabin, the whole time, without a moment's sleep.

During the whole of next day our sail was through scenery of the grandest character. There were high mountains on both sides, clothed with perpetual snow, deep impenetrable ravines, gorges filled with glaciers, great cataracts of ice like frozen Niagaras, overhanging in enormous cliffs of blue translucent ice the mountain sides and the dark valleys. We passed through regions of eternal snow, sailed over black unfathomable depths of water, and through grim sea passages, shadowed by steep inaccessible rocks of great height. The storm almost continually rages in this part of the straits, the heavens are always darkened with heavy clouds, the sun's rays but rarely struggling through the gloom then literally making the darkness visible, the atmosphere is murky and thickened with a perpetual mist, and the waters are of a pitchy darkness from their depth, the narrowness of the channel, and the dark shadows of the mountainous coast. The temperature of the air is cold. The valleys have a bleak, barren look, as if a constant gale swept through them. Trees are rare

and of small growth, the branches having a bare gnarled look, and the foliage is scant and of a dusky brown color and wilted appearance. Many of the mountains are entirely bare of vegetation, and look like enormous masses of molten lava and scoriae just cooled from their volcanic heat.

As we sailed through one of the many bays of the straits, we approached an American vessel moored to the shore, with its cable fastened to a blasted tree; the stars and stripes were hoisted, and a gay looking white painted gig-boat shoved off to meet us. It was pulled by four hearty looking men, probably passengers, who had preserved their identity, with beaver hats and long tail coats, as Americans, as if at that moment they were in New York instead of a bay of Patagonia. We had only a moment to spare them as they came alongside without boarding us. Their vessel was the *Saltillo*, 105 days from Boston; they had been 22 days in the straits, had been out of fresh provisions for a month previous, were in daily intercourse with the natives on shore, roamed about there, and amused themselves with shooting while waiting for a favorable change of wind. Throwing a New York newspaper, our latest, some two months old, on board of them, and giving them a round of hearty cheers, we parted, and in a few moments, by a turn in the channel, we were out of sight of the boat and the *Saltillo*, which we left floating in its lonesomeness quietly at the base of a high mountain, looking cheerful and in a wholesome state, with her large, gay flag, tight rigging, and clean hull.

Through the mist of the early morning we had a sight of an Indian camp fire, with its smoke rising from a narrow tongue of land that stretched out from the mountainous coast. With the aid of the glass we caught a dim view of some tall Patagonians, that loomed gigantic in the distance, while their huts diminished to molehills in the comparison. As we neared the spot, the steamer gave a shrill blast of her steam-whistle, which shrieked among the mountains like the exaggerated cry of a sea-bird, and started the encampment to a sudden wakefulness. We could see the Indians rise one after the other, from their dwellings, hardly elevated above the ground, and shake themselves in the cold morning air. We could well conceive their amazement at the sight of our noble steamer, moved by an unseen power, and which must have appeared to them like some dark monster of life. A faded fashionable, one of our passengers, on his way to California to mend his fortunes, eyeing the scene through

an ivory opera-glass which had served a season in the Astor Place, and trying to get a glance at the swarthy legs of an unbreeched Patagonian, and remarking upon what he saw with the same coolness that he would have done upon the turn of the ankle of a ballet figurante, was an amusing antithesis to the circumstance and place.

We cleared the straits on Sunday night at nine o'clock. Our ship had thus, in thirty-three hours, forced its way with the certainty of science and the invisible power of steam, against wind and storm, through the grim sea passage that leads from ocean to ocean.

The passage is very winding, now leading into a bay without any apparent outlet, shut in by a wall of high mountains, now coming suddenly upon various other passages tortuous and embarrassing to the navigator. Vessels are said to have often missed their course, and to have groped their way for many weeks lost in the intricacy of the straits. The prevailing wind is from the west, and blows with the force of a gale; the current runs with the strength of a torrent, and the passage at times is so narrow as to prevent the necessary manœuvring of a square rigged vessel beating out. A sailing vessel had better weather the storms of Cape Horn, than attempt the tedious and uncertain passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the Straits of Magellan. A steamer, however, with its power to resist wind and tide, will of course always take this byway between the two great ocean high roads. The English Admiralty surveys are thoroughly reliable, and the general direction of avoiding the kelp is an absolute rule of safety.

We entered the Pacific in a storm. This ocean belied its peaceable name, and gave us a most rude and warlike reception. The wind blew like a tempest from the northwest, right upon the land. The force of the engine was put to its utmost, and yet the steamer seemed to make no headway. The land on our lea, Cape Pillar, that guards the entrance to the straits from the Pacific, the same rocky jagged headland, threatened us ever from the same point of view. I had staggered up on deck, and was clinging with a stout grip to the bulwarks of the ship, not far from the man at the helm. It was a dismal night. The heavens and the ocean and the winds were all in an uproar. The drifting clouds and the disturbed waters were mingled together

in confused tumult, and the gale shrieked wildly in unison. The rocky headland, to which we were so close that the steamer seemed, as she heeled over to the storm, to strike it with her topmast, looked, whitened with the surf of the sea dashing upon the rocks, like the enormous jagged teeth of some monster, frothing and gnashing to devour us. The steamer did not gain an inch on her course; her whole power was tasked to the utmost to make good her own, her every nerve of iron was on the strain, and her breath of fire flashed up from her iron throat, showing how she struggled in her might to save us from being dashed upon the rock and lost for ever. A sailing ship in our position would have been without hope, she could not have lived a moment. The steamer strove on, plunging heavily and being thrown by the disturbed sea from side to side, now to the larboard, now to the starboard, as one wheel labored deep down in the water, the other rose high, whirling in the air. The steamer strove on; she plunged so long and deeply that it seemed as she plunged that my foot-hold on the deck had gone for ever; but she recovered herself with a shock that trembled through the whole ship, with her bowsprit snapped off like a reed, and bringing in upon the deck torrents of water. The steamer was fairly buried in the sea to her rails. It seemed in vain for the steamer to struggle any longer with such a night. The gale grew stronger. As I gave a frightened glance at the rock close to the leeward of us, the rock seemed nearer, and our ship's course right upon it. A hoarse voice, crying out to the helmsman, "Norwest! don't let her fall off a hair's breadth!" startled me, and I turned in fear towards the man at the wheel. A thick vapor had gathered upon the glass of the binnacle; it was like the mist of death that had fallen upon our good ship's eye. The helmsman, however, in an instant, with his rough hand, wiped away the vapor, and the light of the compass shone out in the darkness with intense brightness. With a turn of the strong arm of the man at the helm, the ship was again on her right course, striving on and wrestling with the deep. The heart of the storm was soon broken, and we sailed fast away from the inhospitable gates of the grim sea passage of Magellan, upon the broad surface of the Pacific ocean.

R. T.

## LITTLE ALVAH.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO'.

"BLESSED are the pure in heart."

"Though the mill of God grinds slowly, it grinds exceeding small.  
Though with patience stands he waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

ONE must be blind as the stupidest bat in creation, and quite as unimpressive as "grey-haired Saturn," when he "sat silent as a stone," if he cannot see and does not oftentimes feel compelled to rejoice in the overtaking hand of justice, which, in the affairs of the present life, so often metes out men, and women, and *people* their due rewards of merit. Who, for instance, among those acting merely in the capacity of spectators, uninterested, save through curiosity, or sympathy, *can* hold his human feelings so much apart from himself as to be *able* to not rejoice, when some

"Bloody, butcher man,"

like the Austrian Haynau, receives at the hands of an indignant public his full recompense of reward?—when some warrior, like the Corsican, is invited into exile from a work of "conquest" to that of "self-conquest" by an uncompromising host that will not take "no" for an answer? Who pretends to regret, save for the possibility of the existence of such sin among men, when the corrupt and aspiring politician defeats himself *by* his corruption in some great final deed, to attain which he has suffered himself to become a fit by-word, even among the heathen men and publicans? Of the unsanctified priests at the altar, who have covertly bowed the knee to Baal, who for *pride's* sake have attained to the chief places in the temple, with hearts full of corruption and souls full of infidelity; who, save for the shame heaped on the name of religion by them, can lament when these criminals are exposed, covered with an unapproachable and everlasting infamy and disgrace, from the courts defiled with their sometime presence? Who groans for the self-inflicted agonies of the drunkard? Who sympathizes from his *heart* with the gambler, when, accursed of man and God, he falls a prey to his vile passion?

The retributive power of the Almighty and his manifest intention, that "though hand join with hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished," even in this life, has countless times been proclaimed in the awful judgments visited on and the destruction of nations and people, who have so far forgotten Him as to walk fearlessly in the lust of the eye and in the lust of the

heart. But, we well know, one need not turn to historical records to find full confirmation of the statement. It is SELF-EVIDENT. There lives not "a man with soul so dead," with the perceptions so sensual that he has not many times seen, and been compelled to recognise to himself at least, that there is One who constantly seeth, and constantly judgeth all, by conscience and by His providences. Retributive justice descends in this life on guilt in a thousand forms, in no form perhaps so dreadful as in that which is not, save indirectly, seen of men. There is no judge so terrible, as every one knows, as an awakened and accusing conscience; it is the scorpion which, once roused in the soul of the guilty, cannot be shaken off again; it fastens on the right hand of the spirit, and paralyses all its energies; the anguish it occasions is, in this life, a presage of the great and the triumphant torment it will be in hell; remembering this, we shall no longer be at a loss to understand the very nature of those heretofore mysterious afflictions which sometimes—and not unfrequently—overtake men, converting them into the image of the fallen Nebuchadnezzar—transforming them into brutes, and idiots, and lunatics.

Where have you lived all your days, reader, if you can say that in social life you have never seen the hand of the avenger at work? Have you not known shame and infamy to fall, like the whirlwind, suddenly upon a house and name that was built up in splendor and pride through sheer dishonesty, covetousness, avarice, aye and through *respectable robbery*, too? Have you not, time and again, witnessed the temporal *ruin* of those who, against light and knowledge, have chosen to follow madly after delusions? Not a dozen miles from the "Place of Rest," as the Indians called our village, by a name more musical, however, Joe Smith and Jemima Wilkinson once both flourished; and a library might be furnished of books relating to the subsequent histories of persons deluded and ruined by these "false prophets." Have you not, to go still further, known of the deaths of the drunkard and licentious? the rewards of sacrilege, of slander, of theft, of deception? Verily there is a God that

judgeth *on earth* the deeds done in the body. The miser has walked, and he shall always walk, in a vain shadow, heaping up riches and knowing not who shall gather them. The proud man must, in one way or another, have his fall—a fall to himself humiliating, no matter how others may regard it—just as surely as he must go “stripped and naked to the grave;” the covetous shall desire, and be never satisfied; the liar shall have his own peculiar reward; the sinner shall not escape a recompense for his doing—a recompense which Zion, hearing of, shall be justified in rejoicing over.

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I was led to these reflections in a peculiar way, as you may think; and most odd, yet, after all, not roundabout way: for *they* lead me directly to the contemplation of little Alvah, of whom I hasten to tell.

One stormy Saturday evening (“the last” some people said with an energetic thankfulness (or impatience), which did them infinite credit, for one might well have feared they had forgotten there was anything in their experience for which they should be *thankful*); on this stormy Saturday evening, of a very rainy week, a creature, whom one would *never* have taken for a man, at least in the dubious light of that dripping night, slowly, though umbrella-less, walked along the main street of a town that shall be “nameless *here*, for ever more.”

He was a stranger in the place (in *our* place as I may as well state in the beginning it was), he had only arrived that afternoon, and this was his first perambulation. Lonely and disconsolate was he at heart, as he pursued that doleful ramble, for doleful and disconsolate were the streets, and the few who went hurrying “to and fro” through them, were still more mindless of him than it was in his nature to be of them: for, through the eyes of faith he saw in all of them neighbors, patrons, brothers, &c., and *they*, had they looked at him would doubtless to themselves have pronounced him in unqualified terms, a contemptible vagabond. But his very insignificance spared them the committal of such injustice. As he continued his walk, such a sense of utter loneliness as none but strangers in strange places on rainy days, ever dreamed of, settled upon the heart of the forlorn little Alvah. He seemed to have not a thought of the storm, that was, by dint of perseverance, soaking his garments—nor of the mud, through which he ploughed his way. He could not

rest, he must *for ever* be on the move—but for this necessity of his nature, we should have been able to introduce him to the reader under far pleasanter, at least far less miserable circumstances, as the inmate of the comfortable inn where he had left his worldly goods, with the intention of spending the Sabbath there. This, his restlessness, was the reason he went wandering, like an owl, through the increasing gloom, homesick, and heavy at heart, as can be imagined.

But his mental and bodily disquietude, which roused this might to an unwonted degree, were productive for once of the best results to Alvah, for suddenly a strain of music burst upon his ear; he lifted his eyes, and saw that he was standing before a church, and that lights were streaming from its windows. The opened doors seemed inviting him to come in, and he needed no second invitation. He entered the outer doors of the sanctuary, and his face lighted up with a glad smile, which, as he passed within the place of prayer, was reverently subdued. Penniless as he was, almost, and friendless too, had any one taken advantage of his bright, happy looks, and whispered reprovingly, “Stranger, what do you find to laugh at here?” he might have replied at once, since it was the feeling of his breast, with the great Stilling, “I have a very rich Father in Heaven.” Let us leave him for the present in the church. It was his only home. At this time of his life Alvah Coy was in his prime. His figure, what there was of it, was perfectly erect when standing *still*, or when seated. His enormous head was covered with a profusion of whity-brown hair, that, as yet, showed no intention of turning grey; his face, though pale and wrinkled, was evidently not indebted to length of days, or ill-health, for the pallor or the furrows—and it was adorned with that keen, “smart” expression, so peculiar to little men. Brief, limited as his bodily presentment was, he had an *up-look*, a cordial air, as though it was in him to take every man he met by the hand, and greet him in a kindly and neighborly way. There was no bend to his back, no drooping, as though he were very weary, and yet despaired of getting rest. One of his limbs was diseased: it was withering, or in some way losing its vitality, for when he walked, it was at every step drawn up with a sudden jerk, which lent to his gait the oddest expression imaginable; he did not limp, and never used a cane, but one seeing him walk through the streets, had certainly fancied him an escaped figure from the adornments of a musician’s hand-

organ, and that he had carried off the secret of his movement with him. And, so, without the music-power that heretofore had explained his motions, he presented a strange spectacle indeed. Provided he was an escaped image, suddenly, and in some unaccountable way endued with vitality, may not this account for the perfect passion for music which he always evinced? His soul was a soul of music, attuned to spiritual harmonies: he was of those "pure in heart" who are "blessed" by inward peace; who, thinking no evil, seem utterly incapable of producing it; who loving all things, find in their own expansive hearts, satisfaction, and reward; though their love, save for its influence on themselves, may be verily a vain sacrifice. He was, moreover, so true a believer in God, that he could "trust him for his grace," that "behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face;" and this was the *secret* of his inward peace.

His infirmity seemed to occasion the little man no bodily *pain* whatever; or if it did, pain was accounted by him one of the light afflictions, to be held of small account. Such a man, and Christian, and philosopher, did Alvah prove himself to really be at heart; and you must read this man from that. It would be unjust to decide upon him, his nature, and habits, from the appearance of forlornness, despondency, and outer, as well as mental wretchedness he presented previous to entering the lighted church; the fact that music and light gushing from the house consecrated to sacred purposes, *could* so transform him, gives us the needful key to his whole character.

Mr. Coy was a bachelor when he first established himself in our village, and his purse being proportionate to his size, he contented himself with taking for his lodgings a small room in the very vicinage of fashionable shoe-shops almost numberless—and there, to all intents and purposes, he lived. There, of that one little apartment, he made breakfast room, dining room, boudoir, sanctuary, study, work-shop, and warehouse. Content, I said he was, with this arrangement! Once settled in his home, no prince was ever happier in it, for Alvah was humblest of the humble, and a purer-souled mortal never drew breath; never was there one more entirely absolved, by nature, from ambition, and its promptings and persuasives, than he; his sole aim, through all his industry, seemed to be to keep himself at a distance, respectable, from the County Poor House, and to give to those poorer than he was. Content? Yes, indeed! he was willing, even without

a thought of questioning about it, to take his stand as the very humblest of the disciples of St. Crispin. Yet humble as he was—for humility of one kind is not of itself a remarkable, but on the contrary quite a common characteristic, our Alvah was one of the extraordinarily few men I have chanced to know, who filled a place beneath desert, and yet held to an exact conviction of intrinsic worth which was not to be moved. Like *all* truly great men, he grew neither servile in his abasement, nor morose through mortified pride. He never, under the most adverse circumstances, would have felt himself to be anything less than a man, and that is what cannot be said of the great mass of worldly-unfortunate people. Therefore might Alvah be counted among the true philosophers. Those great blue eyes of his, peering forth so like an owl's from the darkness of his sunken sockets, over which the heavy brows cast an unnatural shade, never acquired the expression, and certainly nature had not endowed them with the power of expressing, a felt meanness. Ah! he was nevertheless a *noble man*, because some, as cruel as senseless, mocked him for his dwarfish, and his infirmity; or, because, compelled, by the verdict of *incapacity*, rendered by the most unscrupulous of all courts, that of "Public Opinion," to betake himself to the very lowliest place among respectable cobblers.

The little man's personal appearance, and his poverty, were fearful odds against which to work, in a community appreciative as ours. But Alvah struggled on with them, forsaking neither himself, nor blushing for his poverty's sake, and he met his reward. Those who could not patronize him in the way of trade to the extent of their kind heart's desire, by reason of their own poverty, understanding his pure and hearty christianity, and seeing in him the elements of what, in more fortunate men, are the elements of truest respectability, resolved to serve him in their own way, and on the approach of a certain election they took him into solemn consideration, and then, all at once, Alvah found himself in office! No endeavor or ambition of his own led to this good result, he did not attain to the honor by morally unlawful or unjust trickery, and as was expected, his official service was fulfilled in a manner worthy all acceptance and praise.

But wherein was it, do you imagine, that Alvah was promoted?—it was to be a door-keeper in a House of God! And no other station on this earth could he have entered with so much delight, and filled with so

much satisfaction to himself and others. One grand reason for his own joy, was, that in this circle he had found his *domestic* circle, his brothers, and sisters, his home, and he had found all this nowhere else. The congregation was not a rich one, and he loved it for that reason, as he would otherwise have never dared to love it. Its service was simple, and with both heart and understanding he could join in it—there was no ostentation, or parade, or pride about it; he never knew anything about those sensations, which, had it been any other sort of church than just that it was, he would surely have felt—as though it were a fine place, a very grand place, and beautiful, but no place for humbling the soul before God with undistracted thought. It was no scene of pomp, and pride, and luxury, that simple little church. And for this great reason he loved it. Laughed at as he might be in the street, or even in *the sanctum*, his own shop, he found in his church all the respect due to a brother yielded to him. No one laughed at him there—no one pushed him aside—no one said to him, or looked *at* him the idea, stand by—"I am holier;" and for that he loved this humble place of prayer. He loved it for its choir of fervent singers, for one sweet voice among all the others, which had subdued, and melted, and calmed his heart, the night when a stranger and lonely, he had entered the church, and for the first time heard it. That voice—I will not say how it had haunted him, and soothed, and encouraged him many a day, when no other outward influence found such power! And Alvah loved the pastor of the church, the good and affectionate man, who faithfully taught to his people the Lord Jesus, and Him *crucified*. He loved all connected with that House of Sabbath and week-day prayer, with the love of a child for its mother, of the lonely for his one friend—that sanctuary contained within its borders all the objects of his tenderest love—it was the great centre of attraction for his soul.

There was no bell attached to the belfry of the little blue church; Alvah's duty was therefore not to *call* the people together, but to prepare for their reception. This work of sweeping, dusting, airing, arranging, &c., was always admirably performed, with the most perfect quietude and diligence, and no occasion for reproof or advice was ever found, during his whole, long term of office. But it was as pew-opener, as the official of church hours, that his virtues shone forth most brightly and conspicuously. Never shall I forget the quiet happiness he evinced during the time of a

great revival in his pastor's congregation; never shall I forget him, in the fulfilling of his onerous duty of seating the immense concourse which in that particular time of excitement gathered together as "anxious inquirers," or curious listeners and spectators, in the place of prayer.

The eager and intense watchfulness, which spoke from his remarkably solemn face, as he took his stand in one of the aisles, to watch the opening of the doors, the rapid and unintermittted examination of the features of those who entered, his instant detection of new faces, the springing movement with which he would almost *leap* forward to welcome the coming worshipper or mere looker-on, the quiet and easy manner in which, spite of his infirmity, he contrived to move along, directing the way of strangers to the best seats possible—the reverential manner in which he guided the aged, the kindness and sympathy with which he pointed out places to the young, I well remember, but cannot fitly describe. Will the reader imagine it all? Then there was certainly no expression of the "human face divine" that could equal the perplexity of his look, as when by degrees the small church became filled, he would look about and around him, proving to his own heart's content, as well as that of persons still more nearly concerned, the utmost capacity of each and every pew. His solemnity and reverence, deep, and unaffected, and affecting too, as it must surely have proved to those who could understand it, had for us young folks, I well remember, a resistlessly comic look. Ah! you should have seen the little old figure, the parody of a man, as in prayer time he would take his stand near the door, in the aisle, his great head bent low, his large and work-discolored hands spread over his pale face, his bright, blue eyes peering through the fingers constantly: and then, if the door at either hand gave but the slightest token of an outsider, you should have seen his sudden start, as if he had received a strong electric shock, and then with what imperturbable gravity he would busy himself with finding a seat for the late comer;—the perplexed glances he would cast around him, when to find a seat seemed a moral impossibility, was one worth going far to meet! And worth a glance it was to see little Alvah, when relieved from these duties he would finally enter his own slip near the pulpit, and give himself up wholly to the religious exercises. With what devout ears,—which because he listened in a frame of mind so thankful and glad, was no less an act of service than that the singers rendered,—with what devout ears did he listen to the singing choir and

congregation, to that one voice of all others, which was as the "voice of the charmer" to him, charming wisely: with what attentive mind and heart he listened to the preacher's words—there was a spirit of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, in the very way of his listening.

After entering on this office of public service, Mr. Coy, for many reasons, judged it best, and his new and warm-hearted friends fully concurred with him in the opinion, for him to change his place of residence to the basement of the church, and there, in the shadow of the holy place, he pursued all his quiet avocations.

The curious spectacle afforded in that little, faded, old creature's life, a bachelor too, keeping house all alone by himself, was a sight novel enough to attract the curiosity of every child in that neighborhood, and many and many a time did we haunt him with our presence and company, never once realizing the idea, enough in itself to have sent the majority of us off pell-mell in greatest confusion, could we have in true proportions conceived of the fact, that Alvah *was* a man, and a regular business man, and not a good natured little fellow, *playing work*.

I have never, since his day, encountered a man like him. He seemed to have the very heart of a child. He entered into every thought, and curiosity, and desire of childhood, just as thoroughly as though that cheerless dismal basement were indeed his play house; that lap-stone, and the tools with which he hammered away, his toys, and himself nothing more than a make-believe worker. Yet we received Alvah for our judge and jury—he was the counsel and defender for all the wronged; not one of us, when in trouble, ever counted on his good advice and assistance, if that was really needed, in vain. He was the most impartial judge—always ready to be interested, to reprove or to praise, to defend or condemn, just as soon as he was acquainted with the merits and points of a case. There was never a mortal more generous in hearing, more upright in decisions, than he. His valor in making and recording his decisions was of the truly heroic kind, nothing could *buy* a good opinion of him—yet his tender heart was ever open to conviction, and when he had inadvertently wronged another, he was swift to make ample confession and recompense.

Sometimes he had unpleasant dealings with older, stronger and (strange to say) more perverse children than we, and I never shall forget the indignation to which our hearts gave vent one morning, when a

group of us, under pretence of a shoe to mend, went to his shop.

We found him silent and sad; he evidently looked on us with suspicion—and nothing we could say was effectual in drawing him into a conversation, which we thought very strange, for always heretofore he had been swift to join us in our talk. When he had finished his slight task, he gave the shoe to the child who had brought it, quietly received the few coppers of charge, and then turned away from us. We looked at one another in astonishment, we could not understand it; as we turned to go, quite crest-fallen at his "what are you waiting here for?" one of the boys with us said,

"Mr. Coy, what is the matter? are you mad at us?"

We all turned back then with one consent, and another asked,

"Yes, what makes you turn us off? we haven't done anything to hurt your—"

"Feelings," said one of the girls finishing the sentence for him.

"Perhaps he's had bad news," quietly suggested a fourth.

I think we must have shown by our looks conclusively, that we were really troubled, for when he had scanned our faces searchingly, one after the other, he seemed relieved, and said,

"No, children, I'm not mad with *you*."

He spoke sadly, for all he tried to do so cheerfully, and his smile was not a happy one.

"What is the matter?" asked the first boy who had ventured to speak.

"Nothing," said Alvah briefly.

"Yes, there is!" we all exclaimed in a breath. "Somebody's gone and done something hateful to you, what is it?"

"Don't you really know anything about it?" asked he, looking at us anxiously, and as though he were going to cry.

"No—no—we certainly don't know a word; *has* anybody done anything to you?"

"When I went to bed last night," he said with a shudder, and hesitating, as though afraid we would laugh, "I found somebody had thrown water into my bed—it was perfectly soaked."

"Oh, what an abominable shame!"

"Outrageous!"

"The beast!"

"How cruel!"

"The devil it must have been!" exclaimed we, and our indignation was not feigned.

What a perfect delight the poor little fellow was in as he heard these exclamations, and saw the honest wrath depicted on the young faces around him!

"I tell you what!" exclaimed the oldest among us, a boy of about twelve, "I'll find out who it was that served you such a trick, and the person, the rascal, shall pay dear for it."

"Oh no! it's of no consequence now," said Alvah cheerfully, and earnestly. "Don't think of doing anything about it. I'd rather you wouldn't speak of it. Promise you'll keep shady. I was only afraid it was some of *you*, and I didn't want to think so mean of *you* as that you'd delight in tormenting me, that's a fact!"

"No indeed!" we said; and if our protestations of respect and love were somewhat exaggerated, they were at least spoken in all sincerity, and we proved it to him conclusively, for we did not leave him that day, till his forlornly wet bedding was completely dried, and every preparation made, that could be made in such a room, with such aids as there presented, for his comfortable rest in the coming night.

This trick was not the last, by a great many, that was cruelly played on poor Alvah—he was a standing joke for more than one vicious idler—but our friend never thought of suspecting *us* again, as indeed he had no need.

Alvah never could discover who these active enemies, or perhaps not so much enemies as thoughtless troublers, were, and this was strange, for with such eyes as he had in his head, one would not have imagined that anything he wished to discover would long remain a mystery to him. He had the keenest, and by far the most penetrating eyes, I ever beheld—it seemed as though he could understand at a glance what his audience was thinking of—yet, excepting in power of penetration, and in judgment, which perhaps would have utterly failed him in dealing with anything more powerful than a child's mind, he was exactly as a child. But, as the child regenerate; in entering the kingdom of God on earth, by faith and prayer, his child-nature had been perfected, purified, its faults of passion, hastiness, its ignorance, gave place for the "life of God in the soul"—he was pure in heart—meek—merciful—a peace-maker—and on all of whom thus much may be said, a four-fold blessing was by our Lord pronounced: spiritually he did see God—in the highest sense he did inherit the earth, as a ransomed child of God all things were his, and he was Christ's, who is God's! as a man merciful, and truly so, he rejoiced in the hope of mercy at the hand of the All-merciful, whose favor is better than life:—and in his capacity of peace-maker, ah! how much more was he

than we even dreamed, a child of God, and so the angels knew him!

Poor Alvah! excepting in a spiritual sense, there was far more of the bitter than the sweet mingled in his cup—the sorrow of love even was not spared him; the sorrow I say, for the only shadow of its joy which surrounded him was proved a dark one, and its "noxious dew," instead of the heavenly sunlight of love, was all that fell upon him.

Ann White was a communicant in the church whereof Alvah was sexton: she also was an official there, a singer in the choir; indeed the very singer whose sweet voice had so charmed him—the "sweet singer" in this particular "Israel," whose song had soothed him when he was in momentary darkness and gloom, with the thought of "light in the dwelling." With those warm, cheering, and genial rays which streamed from the church windows that dismal, first night of his arrival in our village, she was always associated—she was much in his thoughts—and thus was she near, yes, and dear to him. This girl was young and pretty; and when Alvah heard and looked upon her, he suffered himself to perceive the fact that his eyes and heart were not, as he had ever consoled himself with believing, stone-blind and totally unconscious to the beauty of woman. The calm, self-sustaining good sense and innocence of his nature, had heretofore befriended him—he had always felt conscious that his dealings with fair women must be strictly of a professional nature—he must only deal with soles of leather; though they to him were angels, he to them of course was nothing but a cobbler. And it was so, also, that he had looked upon this young girl—at first she surely was no more than all the rest of womankind had been; yet he felt more grateful to her than he had ever before felt to any of her sex, and solely because she sang so sweetly, for he counted it almost a condescension on her part to sing to him, as it seemed to him she did expressly. Who is there that cannot enter into and understand *this* feeling? Blessed be God for the sweet gift of song, by which so many are able to effect a great work of salvation, sanctification, and reconciliation!

It was only by imperceptible degrees that Alvah's heart got the better of his reason, at last. He knew not how or why it was that a new longing came into his soul, a new sensation of loneliness, a new ambition to labor, and to be known as a workman. He was not conscious that the longing and desire had a meaning hidden.

In his innocence he had no thought of escaping the temptation that offered itself, indeed he knew not if it were a temptation.

Though he never went into any sort of society, and so stood no chance of meeting with her thus, a desire to be near her, to see and hear her, impelled him to be always in the church, at every singing school or meeting she would be likely to attend, even if his own duties did not require his presence; and there, unnoticed, unseen even, he might listen to her, and lose himself in the melody of her voice, and never dream that Love was mastering him. And so, with equal unconsciousness he would sit in his gloomy workshop, sewing or hammering away from morning till night, and one who did not know him thoroughly would never have suspected that even those eyes, great as they were, had a double power of vision, which enabled him to scan the face of every passer-by on his side of the street; but if those orbs chanced to alight on her, the fact, to the initiated, would have sufficiently announced itself by solely observing the changes in the expression of his face—his hands and his tools would fly faster and faster, and the heart's bright sunshine would illumine his countenance. She had then never spoken one word to him—had never stood within the doors of his shop in the basement, and of course he could not dream that Love was mastering him!

But at last one day she did come, and alone too, bringing with her some work from her mistress and herself for him to do, and while he was accomplishing the task she waited. The young girl was not in the least degree troubled with diffidence, and the last thing in the world she would have thought of being "set back" by, was the attempt at conversation with her which Alvah made. They were members of one congregation, she held a higher office than he—for he only prepared the place for worship, while she assisted in the service—and why should she be afraid to speak with that poor little wretch, the halt sexton and cobbler?

Alvah had long and most earnestly desired to speak with her; he wanted just to relieve himself by telling her how much he liked her singing, and by thanking her for singing so well and so faithfully in that choir, when many of the more fashionable churches might be proud to have her for a singer. He found Ann so agreeable, and withal so communicative, that it proved to his amazement the easiest thing in the world for him to express his feelings of

gratification and interest in a gallant way. Then he spoke with her of the church and the minister, and her pious expressions of attachment for these, *his* best friends, delighted him. The cobbler worked with more difficulty than usual that day, her voice seemed to act like a charm on his hands, imploring him to not make such desperate haste, she was not eager to be gone.

When the work was finally done, the girl would fain have paid him; but this, save for the task performed for her mistress, he absolutely refused; he would not take *her* wages, he said; she had paid him over and over a hundred times, for all that he could do for her, by the pleasure derived from her sweet voice, and he made her promise that he should have all her work in his line to do. And Ann let him have his own way about it, and more than his own will, truth to say!

It was not long before this girl became well aware of the conquest she had made—this happened before Alvah could with truth have said as much. While he, week after week, was rejoicing in the happy, self-deceiving idea that the interest he felt in her was occasioned solely by her voice of sweet song, *she* knew he was as much "in love" as man ever was. And when she knew it,—to her shame be it written,—she made not one generous endeavor to disenchant him, or to make him less the slave to his passion for music, as he would have called it, but to his passion for herself, as she knew it was.

And why?

He knew, poor fellow, when called upon one day, some months after his personal acquaintance with Ann White, for his accustomed contributions to the missions abroad, and for the poor at home. Once he had joyfully contributed of his little store to these charities; but now, alas! he was spoiled—next to ruined! He had lavished his earthly all on an earthly creature of clay, and had nothing, literally nothing, but tears and a repentant heart to give to those who asked in the name of God. *She* had asked in the name of love, by appeals his heart could not withstand; she had virtually, in his own knowledge, robbed him.

She had led him on step by step, how, I hardly know; but he was at last her ardent and acknowledged lover—her betrothed. And then it was for her, first of all, that he labored. He lavished his earnings on her. She was very fair, and was beautiful when adorned with the fine things which for herself she could not buy, but which her heart

coveted. Many a gift of beauty and real value he had placed upon this idol ; but, alas ! adorn her as he might, she had not a true heart within—she was false, selfish, and vain, and it should therefore have been a surprise to none, when she in the end suddenly dispelled his illusion, laughed at him in the face, that he should have been so deluded, and mocked him when he desperately strove to set off her heartless ridicule, by repeating the promise she had made to marry him. She had deceived him far as she would—had accepted, extorted, and profited to the utmost by his gifts, for another suitor, attracted by the beauty, so well adorned by the fine garments bought with Alvah's hard earnings, was attracted, and in turn became her accepted suitor.

The shock occasioned by this discovery, which she herself mockingly and shamelessly made, was almost too much for the disappointed and deceived Alvah. Indignant that such a swindling process should have been carried on against him, he had at first but one desire, to punish the graceless, "gay deceiver" in the way she surely deserved, by bringing her into a court of justice, and procure for her there a public condemnation, at least. But his charity, which was little less than sublime, his pity for the mean soul that had rejoiced in its deception and extortion, got the better of his wrath ere long, and the suit which he had instituted was withdrawn. His anger went over as a heavily-charged cloud ; the storm was not permitted to break on her ; the fury of it recoiled, it fell back, spreading desolation and anguish on his own heart only !

He let her go her way almost without

one reproach of bitterness. He suffered her to shine in the raiment he had bought for his betrothed, with money earned in long hours of hard toil. He permitted her to marry another, and neither hindered nor molested her. And on earth our poor Alvah was never avenged. He died before righteous judgment was visited on her—he would not rejoice, if he were living now, to know what He has performed who promised, "I will repay." Vengeance has overtaken her, while he, the tired and weary sleeps. And it was just this fact, of the unqualified misery, the poverty, sickness, and multiplied misfortune, which has overtaken this girl, that suggested the record of little Alvah. She has learned already, with what wisdom she worked evil, that good might come—she has suffered more than he, diseased, forlorn, and poor, was permitted to suffer in his forty years of life—and young as Ann White is, she has not yet drained the cup of bitterness !

Alvah lived but a few years after his heart's great and cruel disappointment. I am not aware, however, that his death was at all hastened by sorrow ; yet it is not improbable that the moral deformity hidden by that fair mask, gave his vital energies, his spirit, and earth nature a shock, from which, in this world, it could never recover. I know that after her desertion he was a "sadder man," and that the poor, ruined sexton went finally with weariness to the eternal rest. But this I know, moreover, that one now standing by his grave, may say with doubled emphasis, with holy hope and thankful gladness,—"Pax Vobiscum, Alvah !"

#### SONNET.—EVENING.

BY CHARLES TENNYSON.

SEE'ST thou how clear and sharp the shadows are  
Among the cattle on yon ridgy field ;  
So softly glooming amid light so fair :  
Yon mighty trees no blasts may dare to wield ;  
The things that own most motion and most sound  
Are tranced and silent in a golden swound ;  
Where is the wind ? Not in yon glassy sky—  
Not in the trees—what deep tranquillity  
Has hushed his voice ? Methinks so calm should fall  
The eve before the great millennial morn,  
Before the first of those high days is born,  
Whose placid tenor shall be peace to all :  
Sink deeply in my thought, surpassing scene !  
And be thy memory clear, for I would live therein.

*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces, London. 1831.*

## AMERICAN EVERY-DAY COMMERCE.—NO. III.

“A SECOND WHIFF OF TOBACCO.”

“TOBACCO stood my friend once,” said Korner, “I can assure you, and saved me from being expelled from college. You both look as if you doubted me, but it’s true nevertheless, and I will tell you how. A great race was to come off upon a certain Saturday, when it fell to the lot of your humble servant and three other seniors to electrify professors and students with our eloquence. We had assembled early, and the merits of the horses were discussed, until our appetite for fun got the better of our discretion, and we determined to go, and leave the professors to speak for themselves. We went, enjoyed ourselves amazingly; went on Monday again, same result; in fact kept it up until Saturday night rolled around again. We had all been threatened so repeatedly that we knew some plausible excuse must be rendered, or off we should have to troop. We were perfectly willing to make all necessary explanations ourselves, but, hang them, they were so ungentlemanly as to doubt our veracity.”

“It appears they knew you,” said Quod.

“There, don’t interrupt,” continued Korner, “a thought came into my head—”

“A rather unusual occurrence, I should imagine,” interrupted Commins.

“Perhaps so,” said Korner, “I called on my mathematical tutor, who kept a room in Broadway, where he employed himself all day in smoking and giving lessons to lagging collegians. I knew he was a mischievous man, and so told him that I wanted his advice about learning to smoke, an accomplishment that the threatened advent of the cholera rendered necessary for me to acquire as soon as possible. He advised me to begin immediately, offered me a strong cigar, and to work I fell. In a few minutes I had—as Cassius did not—“arrived the point proposed.” I rushed into the street, made directly for the office of our family physician, told him how ill I felt, and how I had been brought to so woful a pass by over study of late. He wrote a prescription and ordered me home. I refused to go until I had presented myself at college, as nothing but a personal appearance or a proper certificate would do. ‘Why,’ said the Doctor, ‘I can give you one,’ and he did. He sat down and wrote these blessed words, more dear to my eyes then than would have been the first persual of any one of those returned

love-letters with which Willis has been nauseating Uppertendom:

“Mr. Korner is unable to attend to his collegiate duties, being prevented by illness, the result of overtaking mind and body by too close application to his studies.

“B. BLANK, M.D.”

“The Professors opened their eyes very widely indeed, but could say nothing. Dr. Blank was too well known.”

“That will do very well for an episode,” said Quod. “I wish to make a few more discoveries concerning this very fruitful subject. Commins, have you any idea how much tobacco of American growth is sent abroad?”

“From the first of July, 1848,” replied Commins, “to the first of July, 1849, we exported 101,521 hogsheads of tobacco, valued here at \$5,804,207. The Hanse Towns appear to have been our largest customers, as they took 21,623 hogsheads. England next, 21,204; Holland about 20,000; and France 14,000. Singular enough, thirty-one were shipped to Cuba, and, without much doubt, returned to us as wrappers of at least 12,000 M. cigars. The other West India Islands used fifty hogsheads, and all probably for the same purpose.”

“What occasions the great difference in the article?” inquired Korner.

“The difference of seed, soil, and climate,” answered Commins. “The seed, however, has more to do with the appearance of the leaf than its flavor. Very fine tobacco, to all appearance, is grown in Connecticut, but its flavor is detestable. Maryland and Virginia produce a fine quality for chewing. Kentucky something similar, not quite as fine in flavor, but a longer leaf; Missouri an article fine to look at, but weak; while Florida, Louisiana, and Texas grow a handsome, mild, and spicy leaf that really is not so bad to smoke. Several kinds are to be found upon the Island of Cuba; the Havana, from the Vuelta Abajo, the Yara or Principe, the St. Jago, &c., all differing in appearance and flavor.\* The term “Regalia,”

\* CIGARS, &c.—HAVANA, April 22.—Of cigars, the exports exceed four millions, although there were but three business days in the last week. So much depends upon fancy and the reputation of particular brands that it would be useless to quote prices which range so high that the Bremen and New Orleans factories must do a thriving business in their skilful imitation of the genuine “Havana,” boxes and brands included! The genuine “Cabanias,” (the oldest brand

[June,

now applied to the size of cigars, relates properly to a kind of tobacco cultivated upon the low land belonging to the crown of Spain. Quantities of it were formerly stolen or smuggled off, with the connivance of public officers, and manufactured into "Regalia" cigars. Perhaps the most beautiful leaf in the world comes from Hayti, but it is miserably bitter and gummy. Of late years the negroes have become so very independent that their crop has dwindled down to almost nothing."

"I was not aware," said Korner, "that much tobacco was produced in Texas. Certainly large quantities are sold here to her merchants."

"Very true," answered Commins, "and the reason is that the tobacco of the country is too mild for chewing, although by far the most delicate in flavor of any other raised in the United States. There is a little amusing history connected with the early culture of the weed in Texas which exhibits the stupidity and gross ignorance of the Mexicans in a glaring light. They had a very utopian notion of establishing an internal commerce, so as to eventually live entirely among themselves—upon the "dog in the manger" principle—and to facilitate this not very original idea, marked off their states in agricultural divisions, giving to each section some prominent article of produce, to one, for instance, tobacco, to another cotton, to a third sugar, to a fourth coffee, &c.; and each one was forbidden to raise any of these leading products that were not allotted to them. Upon the Texans this law bore hardly, and Colonel Stephen Austin saddled up his mule, and took a trip to Mexico, to obtain some relief in the premises. He represented to the sapient gentry who composed the congress, that, although their plan of an internal commerce was an admirable thing in idea, it did not work well with Texas, as far as tobacco was concerned. The people, he said, were too poor to purchase, most of them too much addicted to the use of the weed to be deprived of it, and therefore prayed that a law might be enacted per-

in the city), such as were sold for a quarter of a century at \$2, now readily bring \$28! You are doubtless aware that the fine qualities of tobacco, "Vuelta de Abajo," are grown upon a very limited district about one hundred miles to leeward of Havana. Its cultivation cannot be much increased, for in many parts of the island the soil will scarcely yield tobacco superior to the best Maryland, and much of it is greatly inferior, although the impression abroad is most generally that the whole island produces tobacco of fine quality, and wherever planted; this is totally different from the fact, and hence the high prices of cigars. A small lot of extra fine leaf was sold a few days since at \$175 the quintal!—*Cor. N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

mitting the colonists to raise sufficient for their own use. The congress admitted the justice of the plea, and passed a law allowing the Texans to raise their own tobacco, but to prevent their cultivating any for sale, limiting the seed to be planted, to one peck per head. Now, as a teaspoonful will seed an acre, I think they were very liberal, although unintentionally so."

"A teaspoonful seed an acre," exclaimed Quod; "pray, how large is the seed?"

"Mustard seed," replied Commins, "is said in the Scriptures to be the smallest of all seeds, but the size may have changed since the day when that line was written. Of all the seeds that I have ever seen, that of tobacco is the most minute."

"Is it possible?" said Korner; "why the plant is very large and rank! Pray, can you tell me anything of its cultivation?"

"A very small patch—of new ground if possible—is prepared to receive the seed," replied Commins. "A quantity of brush is heaped upon it and burned, then the ashes are raked into the surface of the earth until the bed is soft and mellow. The seed is then sown and raked in, and there it frequently remains six weeks before the young plants make their appearance. This seeding is done very early; in Texas sometimes in January, and proportionately later as you advance to the North. The field to receive the plants being prepared as for corn—only with more care—they are taken from their bed and transplanted as soon as they have attained sufficient size. They are placed about four feet apart each way, and require great attention for a few days. At night they are watered, and in the morning covered with a cabbage or other large leaf to protect them from the rays of the sun. When the plant has nearly attained its growth, a large and destructive worm makes its appearance, and then all the turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens of the establishment are gathered and marched into the field to repel the invader. When the leaves are sufficiently ripe, the plant is cut below the lower leaf, and the stalk is split up and hung across a cord in the drying shed. The parent stalk again puts forth its leaves, which are again duly cut a second and third time. In Texas it is cut four or five times in a season."

"Are not Americans," demanded Korner, "more addicted to the use of tobacco than any other people?"

"If by Americans," returned Commins, "you mean the citizens of the United States, they certainly use more tobacco than any others in one way, chewing; but for smoking, many nations far exceed them.

The American-Spaniards, even the ladies, all smoke. A Dutchman is only half a Dutchman without his pipe; the Germans are quite as bad, and at this time the civilized world seems completely conquered by tobacco.\* As for the East, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in his account of Jerusalem, Palestine, and Syria, in 1851, says 'the majority of the inhabitants are idle: time is of no account. A very few do all the drudgery, and the rest smoke. Why, it is the great pursuit of a long life to smoke. The richer the individual, the better is the quality of his tobacco, and the longer the flexible stem of his nargeleh. They smoke at births, at marriages, and in deaths there is more smoke than ever. One everlasting cloud of smoke, the product of more pipes than there are virtues in the possessions of the twelve tribes, is perpetually rising to the zenith throughout the length and breadth of the Land of Promise.'

"I have seen an estimate of the tobacco used in England in 1843," said Quod; "it amounted to \$40,000,000; but as the majority there use an article comparatively inferior to that consumed here, and the use of it is not so general as it is with us, we must consider that the very heavy duties imposed upon the weed assist very much in making up so imposing an array of figures."

"Yes, indeed," added Commins; "and in consequence of these duties, smuggling in tobacco is carried on very extensively there. One of our river lightermen, some twenty years since—when the impost was heavier than it is now—made a fortune by a single bold speculation. He had already made money enough to load his vessel with cheap manufactured tobacco. This was put up in packs as large as a man could conveniently carry. He had previously been a smuggler, and before his hazardous voyage was undertaken, went to Ireland and made arrangements to run the cargo. He crossed the Atlantic safely in a small lighter, of perhaps twenty tons, ran his vessel on shore, secured all his cargo, but lost his boat, as he could not get her away before the revenue officers were upon her. Perhaps he was willing to lose

her, for having made so successful a 'spec,' he valued his life accordingly, and would not have risked it again in so frail a craft."

"Did you ever see the verses that poor Lamb wrote," inquired Korner, "when he was forced to abandon the weed?"

"No," replied Commins; "repeat them if you can."

"He first," said Korner, "flies into a violent passion and abuses it terribly, then changes his note suddenly to the opposite extreme:—

"Stinking' st of the stinking kind,  
Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind,  
Africa that brags her foysom,  
Brends no such prodigious poison;  
Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather  
Plant divine of rarest virtue,  
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you;  
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee,  
None e'er prospered who defamed thee."

"Bayle," added Quod, "is very warm indeed in his praises of tobacco and of Cardinal Santa Croce, who first introduced it into Italy:—

"It cleanses, dries, binds up, and maketh  
warm,  
The headache, toothache, colic, like a charm,  
It easeth soon—  
Sleep it procures, our anxious sorrows lays,  
And with new flesh the naked bones arrays.

Herb of immortal fame!  
Which hither first by Santa Croce came,  
When he (his time of nunciature expired)  
Back to the Court of Portugal retired;  
*E'en as his predecessors, great and good,*  
*Brought home the cross.*'

"It's very evident that the old gentleman was fond of tobacco."

"Old Burton," said Commins, "quizzes and abuses it. Sayeth he: 'A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health; hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of both body and soul.' Such violent attacks are, however, productive of but little real effect, and I think the reply of the savage who, upon being offered a pinch of snuff, thanked the gentleman, but said 'his nose was not hungry,' had much wit in it."

"Speaking of guns," added Korner, "reminds me of a farewell to tobacco which

\* An old votary gives us his ideas of tobacco and its universal use thus:—

"To sing the praises of that glorious weed,  
Dear to mankind, whate'er his race, his creed,  
Condition, color, dwelling, or degree,  
From Zembra's snows to parched Arabia's sands,  
Loved by all lips and common to all hands.  
Hail! great cosmopolite tobacco, hail!  
Shag, short-cut, long-cut, pig-tail, quid or roll,  
Dark negro-head, or Orinooka pale,  
In every form congenial to my soul."

I once wrote when I was about giving up its use."

"But you seem to have returned to it again," said Commins.

"Don't you see he has?" cried Quod. "What is the use of asking him; and besides, the poem, I want to hear Korner's poem."

"If you will excuse my blushes," said Korner, "I will recite my

**"FAREWELL TO TOBACCO."**

"Go, hie thee hence, foul fiend, for evermore,  
Long hast thou bound me with a tight'ning  
chain;  
Pockets to let, and soulless purse deplore,  
And call me loud to liberty again.

"And here's the pipe, the sceptre of thy  
power,  
With which thou'st ruled me many a weary  
year;

Egad, I'll break it, and in that blessed hour  
With scorn at all thy boasted rule I'll jeer!

"Seducer, hence!—and yet one moment stay;  
Thou'st oft beguiled me of a weary hour;  
We ne'er had words between us till to-day,  
And will not part with lengthened visage sour.

"No, let us not in bitter anger part,  
But with a softened sadness none may feel;  
Save those who break the chain that with such

art  
Thou hast cast o'er them, strong as brittle  
steel.

"And now, farewell!—a long and sad fare-well,  
To cozy pipe, to rich, perfumed cigar,  
Fine-cut, and Cavendish, and Maceouba, and  
all,  
Now and for ever from me keep afar!"

P. P.

**SOWING IN SNOW.**

**EARLY** in bright March morning  
They scatter the seed in snow;  
Over the drifts that hide the wheat,  
In many a shining row.

The frozen snow-flakes, from the tops,  
Come pattering through the trees,  
In sunlight seeming like apple-flowers  
Strewing the whitened leas.

A bird sings near the doorway,  
'Mid icicles on yon bough,  
The while that farmers sow their seed  
Over the fields of snow.

Often, 'mid heavily drifting cares,  
Would hearts grow cold enough,  
But thoughts of Heaven make melody  
Beside the wayside rough.

Gladness of spirit, and love, and faith,  
Bring sunshine in their path,  
While patiently sowing germs of peace,  
Whose sheaves we'll reap in death.

EMILY HERRMANN.

**EPITAPH ON MRS. F., THE GREAT PIE-BAKER.**

One who mixed in the upper crust, grim Death at last has treed;  
Take her for all in all she was a pie-us dame indeed;  
Rich as she was, she kneaded bread, and now (as no one wished)  
It grieves us much to say that she—like all her works—is dished.

P. P.

## A SUMMER IN GEORGIA.

## NAUCOCHEE—ITS ENVIRONS AND TRADITIONS.

FEW portions of our country present stronger attractions to the tourist than Upper Georgia. In variety and beauty of scenery it has no superior. But recently the home of the most civilized and poetical of the Indian tribes, almost every mountain, valley, and streamlet has its tradition, and at every step the stranger seems treading upon classic ground. Among the many interesting localities which he visited, the writer remembers none that afforded him more pleasure than the vale of Naucoochee. It is situated in Habersham county, a short distance from Clarksville, and is altogether one of the loveliest prospects upon which the eye ever rested. The valley proper is about eight miles in length, and it varies from one to three miles in breadth. The Chattahoochee or Crooked river winds gracefully through it; at this place it is so narrow that a squirrel might leap across it, while it is environed by mountains of rare beauty. Entering it from the west, the attention is arrested by the bald head of the lofty Youah, or Bear Mountain, on the right; while the still loftier Tray—or more properly Troy—looms up on the left. Pink, Aunt Salts, and Double Head Mountains complete the circuit. On the left bank of the Chattahoochee, at the head of the valley, is a large mound, of the most beautiful proportions, covered with low green shrubs, and crowned by a solitary pine, which waves in solemn majesty far above its kindred of the forest. Of the valley and mound there is an interesting legend, which I derived from the lips of a venerable woman who has passed a large portion of her life among the Cherokees. It runneth after this wise: Many, many moons ago there came to a camp of the Cherokees a young Indian maiden of unequalled excellence, accompanied by her aged mother. Of a once large and powerful tribe, they were now the last representatives, and they asked to be received into the tribe of the Cherokees. Their request was granted. So dutiful and amiable was the maiden that she soon became the favorite of her new tribe. She was beautiful as the day-dawn, and withal was so kind and gentle, that they called her Naucoochee, or The Evening Star. Not long after her adoption, her mother was taken severely ill. With unwearied assiduity did Naucoochee keep vigil over her helpless parent. Scarcely an instant could she be persuaded from

the lowly couch, and as day after day her mother grew worse and worse, and the hope of recovery became fainter and fainter, her agony was almost insupportable.

As if determined that she should not die, Naucoochee flew to the wigwam of the chief, and clasping his knees, with tears besought him to save her mother. The old man beheld her with deep emotion, but with a solemn shake of the head signified that nothing could be done. With despair depicted upon every feature, she turned away. As she did so, her eyes met the sympathizing glance of Chestatee (Pine-Torch), a young chief who, like herself, survived his tribe and had sought a home among the Cherokees. He approached her with deference, and told her that a pale-face, who came from far over the blue waters, and who was very skilful in the cure of diseases, once lived among his people. He said the big doctor—for so they called him—was somewhere among the neighboring mountains, and earnestly entreated permission to go in search of him. With a grateful look, Naucoochee bade him go.

Chestatee flew upon his mission like an arrow loosened from the bow, while the maiden, inspired with hope and confidence, resumed her vigils at her mother's cot. With impatient longings she marked the tardy hours, and her heart bounded with joy when the sound of coming feet announced the return of the chief, who soon appeared leading in a venerable Spaniard. The old man approached the couch, and gazed long and earnestly upon the shrunken features of the almost dying woman. He then turned to Naucoochee, and with a look of benevolent sympathy, assured her that he could restore her mother. He gathered some roots from the bank of the Chattahoochee, of which he prepared a tea which speedily relieved her; under his treatment and the care of the maiden, the invalid was soon entirely restored to health.

Nothing could exceed their gratitude to the Spaniard, and so remarkable was the cure that the old chiefs besought him to dwell among them. He consented to do so, and became the instructor of Naucoochee. He taught her the musical language of old Castile, and gradually opened to her view the mysteries of the healing art. The skill she rapidly acquired, added to her native goodness and quick apprehension, rendered her the idol of her adopted tribe, and

often did her interposition rescue the unfortunate prisoner from the jaws of death.

Especially did she exert herself in behalf of the whites. Soon, however, she had to mourn the death of the old Spaniard, and not long after that of her mother. Chestatee had long been enamored with the young maiden, and now that her mother and instructor were gone, he sought to relieve her distress by the gentle tones of sympathy and love. The quiet mound on the river bank was the favored resort of the lovers, and the evening zephyrs bore from thence upon its wings, many a vow of fidelity and truth. It could not be expected that the aspirant for such a prize would be long without a rival. A young Indian of ignoble descent dared to cast his eye upon the peerless maiden. Nothing could exceed his rage and jealousy when he learned that Chestatee was favored above him. The darker passions of the Indian raged fearfully in his bosom, and he muttered deeply of revenge. Learning of their visit to the mound, he armed himself with a large hunting-knife, and hid in ambush near the favored resort of the lovers. Soon he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and beheld the happy pair seated upon the mossy carpet. Bounding like a panther from the thicket, he seized the chief by the throat and pressed him to the earth. Planting a knee upon the breast of Chestatee, the infuriated savage drew his glittering knife, but ere it descended, Naucoochee threw herself upon the neck of her lover, and received the deadly blow. Her fair face became distorted with mortal agony, and her raven locks discolored with the crimson tide. With one look of unutterable affection, her pure soul ascended to the land of the Great Spirit, and was soon joined by that of her lover, who also fell a victim to the hate of his rival.

The savage fled, but was soon overtaken and sacrificed with the most fearful tortures. The lovers were buried in one grave upon the mound, and a lofty pine now marks their quiet resting-place. The mound became an object of veneration to the Indians, and in memory of their favorite, they called the valley Naucoochee, after her name.

Considerable gold has been found in the vicinity of Naucoochee, and in mining some important discoveries have been made. In the spring of 1849 a company of miners, not far distant, found a native village several feet below the earth's surface. There were sixteen houses in a row in a good state of preservation, containing various articles of furniture. Cooking utensils of

different kinds and a considerable quantity of hollow ware were taken out, but when exposed to the atmosphere, many of the articles fell to pieces. Mount Youah is worthy of notice. At some points the view of it is beautiful beyond description. The dome-like crest of the mountain, rearing itself far, far above the mass of heavy foliage around, looks like a grand observation tower, from whence the worlds above and below might be studied as upon a map. From another point, the top resembles a Grecian helmet, and at a distance it seems to incline like the tower of Pisa. On one side of the mountain is an abrupt precipice more than one thousand feet in depth, about which neither shrub nor tree is ever found. On the summit are the remains of a large fortification; yet by whom or when erected tradition is silent. Water runs down its sides in several places, and looks in the sunshine like broad belts of silver. Near the top is a huge rock supposed to weigh over a hundred tons, which is so delicately poised that it seems the strength of a single person were sufficient to hurl it down the fearful abyss.

The view from here is exceedingly beautiful and extended. Here and there you observe a small settlement nestling lovingly among the mountain peaks around it, while the river—which you can trace an immense distance—the distant Blue Ridge, and the quiet vale below fill up the picture. I could scarcely refrain from repeating those beautiful lines of Coleridge upon the vale of Chamouni, as I gazed upon the scene. This mountain is a favorite resort. Parties of pleasure from some quarter visit it almost daily. It was once infested with bears—hence its name—and a few are still found there. A great hunt came off there a short time before my visit, in which more than fifty persons were engaged. It seems that several dwellers about the base of the mountain had missed from their inclosures a number of infants of the porcine genus, and various were their surmises as to the cause. Some suggested that the "gentleman in black" had entered into the swine, and sure enough one moist morning unmistakable evidence was afforded in the impress of feet about the farm-yard. The company were soon collected, and started in pursuit. They traced him readily to the mountain, but fairly upon it they became greatly perplexed. Bruin, like a sensible bear, had so mystified things about his retreat, that the party, after a hard day's search, were forced to return without his very desirable company. **GAYLORD.**

*Mobile, Sept., 1850.*

## A H Y U N T A .

BY D. PARISH BARRYDT.

FLORIDA, rich are thy beauties and varied thy charms,  
Where sweetest emotions are strung with alarms.  
There the swift Withlacoochee sweeps onward like light,  
And the sluggish Suwannee rolls turbid as night ;  
There the rose and the myrtle lace thicket and brake,  
And the gold orange glows o'er the slime of the snake :  
There the mocking bird trilleth all melodies gay,  
And the crocodile's croak maketh hideous day ;  
There the leve portulacea smiles cheer on the morn,  
And the dark spreading cypress stands mournful and lorn ;  
There soften to sapphire the bright bending skies,  
And levin-lit palls to the zenith arise ;  
There soft breathing zephyrs with perfumes abound,  
And hurtling tornadoes spread ruin around ;  
There are health-breathing gales, there are airs hot and rife,  
All reeking with poison and festering life ;  
Seeming lakelets of steel there empolish the plain—  
Beware the dark sink ! it is fathomed in vain ;\* There earth wears a smile, but is hollow below,  
And swift sunless rivers through wide caverns flow ;  
The forest lords glint in the sun like the dew—  
When lo ! with loud thunder they vanish from view ;†  
There the bright eye of day at its setting has seen  
The broad lake smiling fair in its own azure sheen :  
But the dawn reveals horrors more dreadful than Time—  
Life is writhing in death and is crawling in slime.‡

Where Flora had wandered, and over the land  
Had scattered her gifts with a liberal hand ;  
Where the goddess had roved in a frolicsome mood,  
And had sown her creations abroad through the wood  
Where the lofty magnolia rose high in the light,  
And hung o'er the forest its clusters of white ;  
Where the evergreen oak standeth strong in his arms,  
And is wooed by the vine with empurpling charms,  
Sought Sir Ponce de Leon the fountain of youth,§  
Renewing its beauty, but never its truth.

Where the hammock's dense lacings for ever entwine  
The growth of the marsh with the statelier pine ;  
Where the serpent's quick rattle is heard on the bank,  
And he glides through the swamp growing fouler and rank ;  
Where the everglades' shadows have darkened the scene,  
And the waters are black in the thicket's deep green ;

\* The Lime Sinks of Florida are caused, it is supposed, by the caving in of the limestone formation, leaving hollows which fill up with water and stand without change, of great depth, though of small superficies.

† A few years since a party of gentlemen riding along a forest road in Florida, suddenly heard behind them a loud crash and rumbling, as of thunder, when, on turning their horses' heads and riding back a short distance over the ground they had just traversed, they were brought to a stand on the brink of a chasm where the earth and trees upon it had sunk to the depth of many fathoms. A subterranean stream was coursing its way through the aperture, the water entering at one side and passing out at the opposite. This hollow afterwards became a lime-sink, the water rising to the surface and there remaining, as it is often seen to stand in wells at a certain height when they are fed by a spring that pours itself in and passes out below the surface of the water.

‡ The author became acquainted in Florida with the sudden recession of a large lake from its banks to so great an extent (nearly draining it entirely), that it could only be accounted for on the hypothesis that a sudden caving in of the bottom had opened a passage into cavernous depths below. He was also made familiar with a legend of an Indian entering by chance a cave in the bank of one river, and after dark and tortuous wanderings therein, emerging upon the bank of another river many miles distant.

§ The famous tale of the old Spanish cavalier's search in Florida after the fabled fountain, whose waters should banish wrinkles and the decrepitude of age, is too well known to every reader to require repetition.

Where no lily nor calamus ever may bloom  
To brighten the swamp or the hammock's dense gloom,  
Is Sir Ponce led on, for he seeketh but youth,  
Renewed in its beauty, but not in its truth.

Where their river rolls onward with gathering flow,  
Dwell the race of Oklocknee, the strong with the bow.  
Their princess, AHYUNTA, the Spirit hath blest  
With the melody heard in the gardens of rest;  
Wild warriors, mild maidens, before her bow long,  
Entranced by the power that dwells in her song.  
With the deeds of the great she is nerving the strong,  
And the weak are inspired to fear nothing but wrong;  
As princess, as priestess, as minstrel, her sway  
Is the sway of a god's in the sound of her lay.

In imperial robes, all gorgeous, ablaze,  
Her arm sweeps the circle, on heaven her gaze.  
The plume of the raven takes gloss from the hair  
That hangs on her shoulders or streams in the air;  
The plumage of parrot, macaw, heron bold,\*  
Flashing green, blue, and crimson, white, scarlet, and gold,  
Is woven in robe, and is wrought into crown,  
Enriched with the softness of humming bird's down.  
Improvisatore, bright bard of her race!  
Their brilliance is dull in the glow on her face.

Her eye sweeps the circle, to heaven her arm—  
Not a spirit that brooketh her song's potent charm:—  
"Oh, when did the race of Oklocknee depart  
From the pathway of greatness and pureness of heart?  
Oh, never did brave strike a weaker one low,  
And never he sought to change friend to a foe;  
Oh, never hath wife, nor ever hath maid,  
Yet darkened the heart of their dearest a shade;  
No spot on the white eagle's plume, on his pride,  
Still the wing of the dove gleameth white by his side.

"When his deeds rank him blessed with his people's renown,  
The magnolia's green leaf doth Oklocknee encrown;  
High up o'er its perfumed and giant white roses,  
On the wings of the stars then his spirit reposeth;  
Sweeping on through all regions eternal and wide,  
He hears from their wings dulcet harmonies glide;  
The music he heard in Oklocknee's swift roll  
Is melody dear to his brightening soul;  
And, transmuted to music, its amaranths bright  
On wavelets of sound float as islets of light.

"As I rise to the heavens, around me I see  
The spirits of men rising up to be free;  
But their pinions are laden with clods of their clay,  
And none reacheth mine where it soars in the day.  
There are spirits on earth that would fain be on high;  
They are struggling as clouds far below the blue sky;  
In murky convolvings they darken the earth,  
To the lightnings of passion alone giving birth.

\* The art of *plumajé*, or working in feathers, was carried on by the Indians of Mexico before the conquest, and perhaps by other Indian nations, to a degree of perfection that produced results of gorgeous beauty now lost to us. The varieties of the parrot kind furnished combinations of colors exceedingly rich.

Unmating with clay, looking down on the cloud,  
My spirit undying a star doth enshroud.

"My being's a world where the children of men  
May carelessly tread by the streamlet and glen ;  
'Neath their feet it may seem to them only as earth—  
They may feed on its fruitage, but never its worth ;  
They may gather its flowers by the light on the stream,  
Yet its nature to them can be only a dream ;  
But when it shall glide from beneath their dull feet,  
And fly throughout space the Great Spirit to meet,  
Beyond their short reach, in the heavens afar,  
'Twill eternally beam as a soul-lighted star."

As graceful as roe and as fair as the sun,  
The high-browed Ahyūnta all homage hath won.  
But her spirit is torn by no dangerous strife,  
And the soul of Ahyūnta is panting for life.  
The spirit of Poesy giveth her breath—  
Now, swan-robed, without it, all life were but death.  
Fair vestal of song ! 'tis inspiring the maid,  
And she thirsts for Wahkulla's sweet waters and shade.  
Oklocknee is lone with its aged and graves,  
For the bard is away with her maidens and braves.

By Wahkulla's wide fount, whence the grey waters roll,\*  
Outpoureth Ahyūnta the song of her soul :—  
"Oh, ye flowers whose odors are greeting me now ;  
Oh, thou sun whose bright smile is uplighting my brow ;  
Oh, ye stars that have lighted my soul on its way,  
I take ye where night never followeth day !"  
Then swift in the fount disappears from their cares,  
As its waters assume the clear light of the stars.  
"Tis the fountain of Poesy, pure in its truth,  
And the soul of Ahyūnta there keepeth its youth.

Where no sunlight hath shone, giving birth to a bloom,  
And the day ever weareth the night-raven's gloom ;  
Where deadly and dank hung the motionless air,  
Toiling on in a region of tangled despair,  
Found Sir Ponce de Leon no fountain of youth—  
He sought for its beauty, but not for its truth.  
Still floweth Wahkulla's soul-fountain as bright  
And as clear as the stars in its own liquid light ;  
Still the True, the Poetical, only endures ;  
All else that is youthful but fades and allures.

\* This remarkable river, not of great length, rises broadly and promptly, springing from the earth as though full fed from below. The extraordinary purity of its waters where they first rise to the surface is perhaps unequalled by those of any other stream in the world; and it may not inaptly, for poetical purposes—in connexion with those true subjects for the poetry of our country, the Indian races—be treated as the Hippocrene. Rowing up the stream, on entering the clear source where no muddy bank or auxiliary streamlet has yet darkened the water, there is felt a disposition at once to grasp the sides of the boat, under an impression that it has passed into some element of less density than water, incapable of sustaining its weight. The smallest coin dropped into the water, on reaching the bottom, appears to lie at but arm's-length distance, though many fathoms down.

## WATCHING FOR EVIL.

THE painter, seeking to portray happy features, would slightly shade them with an expression denoting thoughtfulness, and experience of sorrow or sympathy with it. For he who lives mindful of the present only, as if there were no future, and unconscious

*"\_\_\_\_of affecting thoughts  
And dear remembrances, whose presence  
soothes  
Or elevates the mind, intent to weigh  
The good and evil of our mortal state,"*

is not truly happy.

For happiness is something more than being free from gloomy forebodings. It is not a mere negation, but may coexist with the keenest sensibilities of ill. It is not a state in which all that can cast a shade is kept afar, any more than it is that condition when an eclipse of hope spreads a pall over the heart. It is as far from the glare of noon as from the blackness of night. It may sometimes be that "dim, religious light," which subdues the mind, and inspires thoughtful serenity, at the same time that memory and anticipation have full sway. The parched soul on which sorrow, with the power to support it, or sympathy with others' woe, has never fallen "like the gentle rain from Heaven," is not blessed. It may be merry, but not happy.

What, then, shall be said of him who sometimes thinks of ill to come, not to brood over it, but silently to shield himself by preparation? The passing of life, more in conformity with the life of our being, and consequently the attainment of a greater measure of the happiness permitted here, seems in his case surer. There is a happiness in the inspiration of a sublime trust, in noble perseverance in the view of evils, or in the manful resistance to them, when they come in a threatening flood, which is higher than that arising from carelessness about human suffering, and from never thinking calmly of what may be behind the veil of the future; for the former happiness is that of the hero and of the martyr, and with such fortitude consists better than unconcern.

He cannot, indeed, be truly happy who delights to contemplate sorrow for its own bitter sake. There are those who make this world a spectral cavern. Genial sympathy has never visited their hearts. The ties of the moral creation they have never felt, drawing heart to heart. They seek nothing from their fellow men but aversion—nothing from nature but its gloom—nothing from Heaven but its curses. They are as dark in soul, when the sky is serene and the sun spreads its glory round, as when the heavens are in clouds and the face of the earth is sad. Indeed, when all things about them conduce to cheerfulness, and nature, refusing to reflect their gloom, assumes her smiles of light, and tills the groves with rejoicing songs, they cling to their right to be unhappy, and deeper frowns are furrowed on the brow. Childhood in tears, and not in sport or in study, satisfies their sight. The spring and summer they love not, for they tell of hope; autumn does not please them, for glory is mingled with its decay; dear to them is winter, for it is the season of death.

Such a state is not consistent with the enjoyment of a rational, responsible soul. It shows an unhealthy action of the whole nature. Whoever is subject to it must be miserable. But his case is far different who makes not suffering his food, but whose mind turns easily and trustfully to its contemplation. None are so completely overcome and depressed in the season of trial as the habitually merry. The reflection on suffering, with a strong confidence in its righteous event, may be a true source of happiness.

*"\_\_\_\_ One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only; an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, however  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power;  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.  
The darts of anguish fix not where the zeal  
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified  
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme,  
For Time and for Eternity."* W. G. D.

## SUDDEN MISHAP.

Ah, sir, you know how oft  
The whole building of our petty fortunes falls  
E'en as we look on it; a scaffold, not a house!

## THE TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

## A TALE OF THE FRENCH TRIBUNALS.

(Concluded from the last number.)

## VII.

## THE PONT-NEUF.

MADELEINE had heard of Curiol's arrest. In spite of his self-assurance of safety, and a reckless reliance on the chances of escape, she had feared it, and expected it. He had told her that he should hang around the suburbs during the day-time, avoid his old haunts, have nothing to do or say with anybody, and venture into the city again in the dark. The first day of his return he did so, but the second night came and went without his step on the stairs, or his whistle at the door. She watched for him the night long, and when the morning dawned her heart sank within her at the certainty of his fate. Poor wretch! the secret had proved too much for his powers of concealment. He carried it about with him wherever he went, like a piece of bad money, which it was equally dangerous to keep or to exhibit. Acting the innocent man was very hard work. He was sadly in want of stage directions to help him out with his part. It was not strange, then, that the practised eye of a police agent marked him for a criminal as he sat in one corner of a cabaret in the Batignolles, on the second morning after the murder. To avoid suspicion, he had kept away from the noisy group around the tables in the centre of the room, and sat, with his eyes staring through an open window, with as much indifference in his face as a man fresh from a murder and in instant fear of detection may be supposed to have at command. Citizen Ferret, the police agent above named, scented crime in every motion that he made.

"Why," said that functionary to himself, "is he there in the corner when everybody else is drinking and smoking in the middle of the room? Why is he thinking so hard at this hour of the day? It is only poets, philosophers, politicians, lovers, or assassins, that meditate on blank space so early in the morning, and twitch their eyebrows in that uncomfortable, nervous sort of style. He is a subject for surveillance. I shall consecrate the morning to him, and, if need be, the whole day. Scowl away, mon ami, we shall see you home when you leave."

After this Curiol was a doomed man. He might as well have tried to escape from his own identity as from this indefatigable disciple of Fouché. As long as he sat in the cabaret he was watched, every movement

that he made, every minute of the time. When he left he was followed, every step that he took, every inch of the way: first towards the *Barrière de Clichy*, and then, when he turned abruptly to the right, only fifty yards from the gate, and struck off, through the lanes and alleys in the outskirts of the city, towards the highway leading to Passy. Further yet, all along that broad road towards the quiet, suburban village. Only once on his way he stopped to rest and look back. He saw but a single man, a few rods behind, a foot traveller like himself, and apparently drunk, for at the moment of Curiol's observation he reeled to the side of the road, and almost fell. The fugitive thought no more of him, and kept on his way. Only two hours afterwards the same man, no other than Citizen Ferret, fully recovered from his intoxication, helped to fasten the handcuffs on the murderer's wrists.

At dusk Madeleine stole down into the street. She bought a journal of the evening from the nearest news-vendor; she stepped into a neighboring court, and, with trembling hands, opened the paper under the largest lamp. An instinct of destiny directed her eyes straight to the fatal paragraph which announced the arrest of Curiol. She read nothing more—saw nothing more—the paper dropped on the pavement—and she turned wildly away. She could not go home. Her only relief was in distraction. She walked rapidly away from the quarter in which she lived, and all the evening wandered from street to street, staring at shop-windows, stopping to listen to street-singers in front of the open café doors, jostling in the crowd along the Boulevarts and through the gay *passages*, and then, hardly conscious which way she went, threading dark, deserted alleys and wretched thoroughfares of vice, never escaping from herself, never forgetting the dismal reality that clung to her like the first symptoms of a pestilence that was sure to end in death.

Late in the evening she found herself on the Quai opposite the island. It was a thick, gloomy night, but the heavy towers of the Palais de Justice were just discernible—a dark mass, darker than the night. Madeleine knew that the prison in which

Curiol was probably kept in some part of that frowning, dismal pile. Involuntarily she turned her steps in its direction. She reached the Pont-Neuf, the longest and one of the oldest bridges in Paris, leading to the northernmost extremity of the island. At the middle of the bridge she stopped. There was nothing to be gained, she thought, by going to the outer wall of the prison, except a clearer comprehension of Curiol's fate and her own despair. There was no hope, no relief, no refuge. Of her own will, she had rejected the last opportunity of amendment and escape. Deliberately she had put out the last spark of penitence and hope that had gleamed for a moment in the ashes of her heart. The future was shut down from every glimpse of consolation. It rose before her stern, immovable, relentless, like the dimly discernible prison walls just beyond. She leaned against the parapet of the bridge; underneath rushed the river, swollen and rapid, its waters whirling and eddying between the narrow piers; she listened to their swift dashing, and looked down into the swollen flood.

"One plunge," she said to herself, "and all would be over."

Should she take it?

Citizen Monnet sat in the cabriolet and waited for Lisette at the door of the Conciergerie. He had not been left alone five minutes when, overcome by the combined effects of excitement and *eau-de-vie*, he went to sleep. His repose, however, was not undisturbed. The startling events of the day haunted his slumbers in the corner of the cab. Never before were fifteen minutes' sleep so prolific of horrors. In that brief interval he committed fifty murders and mail-robberies, was imprisoned twice for life, and was started out of his nap, with a convulsive jerk, just in time to escape being broken on the wheel. But waking was as bad as sleeping. He opened his eyes on a fearful reality. Straight through the window, not twenty yards from the *fiacre*, he saw the glitter of bayonets and a file of soldiers. They came nearer and nearer, slowly, but surely. There was something in their very tread, as it rang along the pavement, which told the citizen that his hour was come. He had not a doubt that he was the object of their search. Lisette had betrayed him to the Philistines, and in two minutes more they would be upon him. In the extremity of his fright, a sudden hope of escape flashed upon his mind. He poked his head out of the window of the *fiacre*, softly opened the

door on the opposite side from that on which Lisette had descended, got out as quickly and quietly as possible, stole off towards the edge of the Quai, and then, under cover of the darkness, started off as fast as his legs could carry him from the fatal spot. Fear lent wings to his fat form. If the night had not been so dark, it would have been wonderful to see how he ran; he gained the bridge, the city, the rue St. Honoré, his own street, his own house; panting, breathless, and in the last stages of alarm, he bolted and locked the *porte-cochere*, and rushed into the rez-de-chaussée. Mother Babet was frightened out of her wits at this palpitating, perspiring apparition.

"Where is the little lady?" she cried.

Monnet had not the strength to answer, but from his inmost soul he wished her in the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

In the meantime, the process of relieving the sentinels at the Palais de Justice, which had been the occasion of all this fright to the citizen, had been gone through with; and the driver of the *fiacre*, chancing to look inside of his coach, had been not a little astonished to find the door open on the side of the quai, and his employer gone. He suspected a trick of some kind, and, without waiting further, drove off home, meditating an early visit to No. 37 rue Montmartre.

It was ten o'clock when the great heavy door of the Conciergerie opened, and Lisette came timidly out. Nothing was to be seen of the landlord or the *fiacre*. She looked for them in vain. "You must not stay by the door," said the sentinel; "make haste—and begone;" and she walked away rapidly for a few steps, and then stopped. She had no idea where she was, or which way to go; perhaps her companion had gone away, and would come back again for her; perhaps he was waiting somewhere in the neighborhood; she did not know whether to stand still or go on. In the midst of her perplexity, a couple of men, who came singing and shouting down the street, accosted her rudely, and one of them caught her by the arm. Lisette screamed, disentangled herself from his grasp, and ran from him. They did not follow, and she kept on till she reached the Pont-Neuf. She turned to the right, and stopped for a moment on the bridge to collect her thoughts and decide what she should do. She was alarmed at finding herself alone in the streets of Paris, late at night, and without any knowledge of localities; but her interview with Lesurques had calmed her fears with regard to his

safety, and much of the heavy load with which she entered the Conciergerie she had left behind her there. But here was a new calamity and a new terror; she was almost in despair. Just at this moment she thought she discerned a female figure a few steps beyond her on the bridge. She went nearer; it was a woman standing by the stone balustrade, immovable as a statue. Lisette took heart at this discovery, for she had no fear in speaking to one of her own sex. "This woman can set me right in a moment," she thought, and she thanked Heaven in advance for so opportune a meeting. So she hurried towards her, but stopped for an instant again before she spoke to her. The woman was leaning over the bridge, as though she was looking for something in the deep, dark stream below. Suddenly she started from this attitude, threw her hands upwards, looked hastily half round, and then, taking hold of the upper projecting part of the railing, tried to raise herself above it.

"Good Heavens!" cried Lisette, "will she throw herself into the river?" and for an instant the very thought paralysed her senses. Then recovering herself, she rushed to the spot, seized her by the arm, and clung to her, hardly knowing what she did, as though the woman's life depended on her hold.

Madeleine started with surprise.

"Who are you," she cried, "and why do you stop me? Oh, why?"

Lisette could hardly speak for terror. But she did not leave her grasp of her companion.

"Do not," she stammered at last, "for God's sake, do not destroy yourself."

"I am miserable; I choose to do it."

"But it is a dreadful thing to die so!"

"It is more dreadful for me to live."

"But you must not, you shall not!" cried Lisette, her horror of the intended suicide inspiring her with sudden energy. "It is wrong, it is cowardly, to take your life."

"It is not my life I take; that is gone already—all of it that was worth the having."

Something so sad, so despairing breathed in these words, that Lisette burst into tears.

"Alas, I have known to-day what it is to be wretched. If you are unfortunate, I can sympathize with you."

The wretched are soon friends.

"Do you know me?" asked Madeleine.

"No."

"Did you ever see me before?"

"No." I can hardly see your face now."

"How did you come here then just at this time?"

"I had lost my way; I am a stranger in Paris. I went to the Conciergerie with a friend, who promised to wait for me; but he went away, and I could not tell in which direction to go. By chance I came this way, and caught a glimpse of you. When I saw you were a woman, I said she will show me my way."

"And where do you live?"

"Rue Montmartre, Number thirty-seven."

"Rue Montmartre, Number thirty-seven!"

Madeleine repeated the words mechanically. It was the very address Lesurques had given her when they parted a few nights before. "If you ever choose to accept my offer, Madeleine," he had said, "come to me at my house," and he had given her the direction; and now it was echoed in her ears in the very crisis of her fate. What could it mean?

"Will you tell me your name?" said she.

"Lisette Lesurques."

"And why were you at the Concierge-rie?"

"My husband is a prisoner there."

"And for what?"

Her questions were rapid and short. They seemed to compel the answers of Lisette.

"He is charged with murder and mail robbery," and she shuddered as she said it.

"On the night of the 8th, between Paris and Melun?" asked her questioner; "is that it?"

"Yes," said Lisette, "that is it; but he is innocent."

"You are right," cried Madeleine; "he is innocent!"

The emphasis of these words startled Lisette. But before she could speak again, her companion said in a calmer tone:—

"I will go home with you, Madame; it is not a very great way, and besides, you will be sure that I am not in the Seine so long at least as I am by your side."

"A thousand thanks," said Lisette, and they walked together towards the city.

But no human being entered the doors of Number thirty-seven, that night. Proprietor Monnet had bolted himself in, swearing by all the saints that his house and himself should be free for the rest of the night, at least, from any further disgrace and disaster. Knock after knock, rap after rap, echoed through the quiet *rez-de-chaussée*, and disturbed the fitful slumbers of the unfortunate citizen; but he only buried his ears in the pillow, and squeezed his eyes tight shut, and vainly

tried to persuade himself that it was some vagrant good-for-naught, and not an emissary of police. As for Lisette, he would not admit the idea of her existence, and indulged hopes of never seeing her again. Finally the knocking ceased.

"There is no use of waiting here any longer," said Madeleine; "it is a cold night, and you are tired out. Come to my room to-night, and in the morning you can return here."

Lisette could do nothing better, and she followed her guide in search of the offered shelter. On their way she asked several questions of her companion, but the latter avoided answering them.

"You meant to do me a kindness when you thought I was doing myself an injury, and I am grateful to you," she said.

"And I to you," replied Lisette, "for what should I have done to-night without you?"

They reached Madeleine's lodging. Lisette was weary with the many troubles of the day; she threw herself on the bed and slept.

Madeleine had never seen Lesurques's wife before. Both his betrothal and marriage had happened after her flight to Paris. How strangely had they now met for the first time, and how startling was this news of him! In her wonder at it, Madeleine

forgot, for the moment, her own misery. How mysteriously his destiny seemed to be interwoven with hers! She knew perfectly his entire innocence. It was on the very night of the murder, perhaps at its very moment, she had met and talked with him; and besides, Curiol had made a full confession of the crime to her, and she knew the name of every accomplice and agent in its commission. "My oath of this," she thought, "could clear him." But then her vow to Curiol and her fears for him, came up to her thoughts. It was these that had kept her silent when Lisette questioned her, and had sealed her lips from any explanation of her own inquiries. And yet, had not Lisette interposed between her and death, like a messenger of heaven, and called her back again to life with words of sympathy and acts of kindness? She rose and looked at her as she lay asleep. Her face was pale and sad, but it was pure, and beautiful, and calm.

"She looks like an angel," said Madeleine, "and she did the part of one by me. But if she loved him as I love Curiol, in spite of all, could she sleep so soundly, and he in prison? But ah," she added, as the reason rushed to her brain in all its cruel certainty, "it is because he is innocent, and she believes it, and Curiol is guilty, and I—I know it!"

#### VIII.

#### THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

In those days it was not long between an arrest and a trial—a trial and a sentence—a sentence and an execution. The delays of justice, dangerous and vexatious as they sometimes appear, are proofs of peaceful, settled, and temperate times. In proportion as individual rights are acknowledged, and the value of human life ascertained, will be the unanimous aversion of society to a hasty and incautious interference with either, even by the highest authority, and under the strongest provocation. But the period of our story was in the fourth year of that Republic whose annals are a continuous record of convulsion, catastrophe, and crime; in whose second year four thousand persons, of whom nearly one quarter were women, were sent to the scaffold under the accusations of the indefatigable and infernal Fouquier Tinville. Before the time of which we write, he had passed to the same fate which he dispensed so liberally to the "enemies of the republic," and the frightful butcheries of the reign of terror had ceased. But the fatal facility of prosecutions continued and a

cold-blooded habit of dispatch still characterized the criminal tribunals. The preliminary investigations in criminal cases were conducted, it is true, with great care and diligence. The police system of Paris was wonderfully thorough and successful, and little was left to the courts except to complete what the subordinate authorities had begun. In the trials of ordinary offenders, too, there was a strict observance of form, and an apparent—perhaps sincerely intended—impartiality. But the dignity and the grandeur of the law were not there. There was no protection for innocence, no compassion for misfortune. Justice was not distinguished from vindictiveness, nor punishment from revenge.

Lesurques and Guesno, certain of their innocence and their ability to prove it by establishment of an *alibi*, looked forward with impatience to the day of trial, and anticipated it as the end of their uncomfortable imprisonment. They had found an advocate in a young man, the son of an old friend at Douai, who had established himself in the capital, and followed the courts

with more perseverance than success. In some way he had heard of their arrest, and hastened to offer his assistance to his fellow-townsmen. It was a clear case, and he expected to secure the acquittal of both, which would be a great feather in his cap, and bring him no little reputation amongst his legal associates, and doubtless great acclensions to his meagre list of clients. He, too, was anxious for the trial, or the "triumph," as he asserted it would be. To do him justice, he worked hard in preparation for it; he read, wrote, and soliloquized upon the most abstruse departments of criminal law; he prepared an exordium for his defence, which, in point of brilliancy and pathos, was only to be surpassed by the peroration of the same discourse; and, in order to render both as perfect in respect of oratory as they were of style, he practised them assiduously before two mirrors, arranged so as to reflect one of them his attitudes and gestures in full front, and the other in profile. A more sensible branch of his proceedings consisted in summoning from Douai twenty-five of the most respectable citizens to give their testimony to the characters of his clients, and in looking up everybody who had seen either Lesurques or Guesno in Paris during the night of the murder and the day preceding it, and who remembered the circumstance. For this purpose, his clients had furnished him with statements of their whereabouts during that time as fully as they could recall them, and lists of the persons whom they had conversed with.

Du Prat—for such was the young lawyer's name—went every morning to the Rue Montmartre to report progress to Lisette, who, in spite of his assurance of the result, was distressed beyond measure with apprehension and alarm. The name of citizen Monnet was the first on the list Lesurques had given him; but he had inquired for him in vain of the old woman who kept the door. "*Il est sorti, Monsieur,*" was her invariable answer, and Du Prat had always said, "Well, I shall see him perhaps when I come down stairs." But as regularly on his way out the same answer was returned, and he deferred his interview until the next day, when similar proceedings were repeated on his part and Mother Babet's, and the citoyen was always "*sorti.*" The truth was, that all this while so far from being out, that estimable individual had not crossed the threshold of the *rez de chaussée* since the night of his escape from the *gens d'armes*. He had seen Lisette return the next morning, and run up stairs, eager to rejoin her children, but not a

word of explanation had he dared to send her; nor did he venture to trust himself in her presence, or have anything to do with her or any member of this fatal family, which Satan had sent into the rue Montmartre to destroy him and his house for ever. He would have dismissed them instanter from his roof, but the rent was paid for a month in advance, and he doubted his legal right. Besides, he was absolutely afraid to step out of his little apartments in the *rez de chaussée*. The clutches of Destiny might be upon him at any moment, and he sat meditating all day upon the miseries of his condition, trembling at every sound, and turning pale at his own apprehensions. The object of Du Prat's inquiries he partly suspected. He reconnoitred him daily through a hole in the window curtain, and every time he appeared, shook with bodily fear that Mother Babet's conscience would protest against the deception he had enjoined on her, and force her to disclose his whereabouts. He had serious thoughts of giving out that he was dead, being carried beyond the Barriers by a sham funeral, and then getting to the seaboard, shipping himself as cargo for America. The reign of terror was not ended for the poor citoyen.

"I have found all of Lesurques's witnesses but two," said Du Prat to Lisette, on the morning next before the trial. "They are the first and last on my list. One of them is your old fool of a landlord below here, who is always out; and the other is a woman of whom I have no means of learning anything at all. Your husband has made a memorandum against her name—you can read it for yourself;" and he handed the paper to Lisette, who read—

*"Madeleine Brebaut. I don't know where she lives. If found, she would be an important witness for me. I met her in the street, and had a conversation with her on the evening of the 8th Floréal, about 9 o'clock, the very hour of the murder."*

"You start," said Du Prat. "Do you know her?—can you give me any clue? She is a witness worth having. We could prove the *alibi*."

"Oh! it is she!—it is she herself!" cried Lisette.

"Who?"

"The woman I told you of, who showed me my way, and took me home with her—it is her name, Madelcine Brebaut; she told me as much as that, though she would not tell me anything else."

"Bravo!—it is worth five hundred francs; of course, then, you know where she lives?"

"I was at her house," said Lisette, "but it was dark when we went to it, and early in the morning I got her to bring me home. Ah me!—I am afraid I never shall find it. I took no notice of the way we came, and it is a long, long walk from here. I must try; we must both try to find her. Stay a moment; she promised I should see her again, and that was a week and more ago. If she could only come to-day!"

"That she won't do; witnesses never come when you want them."

"I cannot comprehend it," said Lisette, still reading over and over again her husband's memorandum.

"Comprehend what? It seems plain enough to me—important witnesses are always out of the way—subornation—"

"No, no," interrupted Lisette. "It is this that I cannot comprehend—the conduct of that woman. I remember Joseph told me something of his meeting an old school companion in the street, and the meeting seemed to have given him pain; but I had forgotten it entirely until this moment. But why, when I told Madeleine Brebaut my name and his, and that he was in prison, did she not tell me all she knew? And I remember now, as soon as I said that Joseph was in prison, she asked if it was not for this very crime; and when I said 'yes, but he is innocent,' she answered that I was right—he was innocent. It seemed so strange to me. Surely, surely, she knows more than we do. We must find her, my friend; let us go this moment and seek for her. Allons!"

Du Prat shrugged his shoulders. "It will be like looking for a needle in a haystack; but at the same time we can try; there is no harm in that, to be sure."

Greatly to the satisfaction of Lesurques and Guesno, the morning of the trial came at last. They were placed at the bar with Curiol, Richard, and Bernard, all of whom Lesurques now saw for the first time in his life. Curiol stared at them both as they were placed beside him, charged with the same crime as himself. He recognised Guesno, by whom he was silently and heartily cursed as the author of all his trouble.

The jury was empanelled, and the public accuser opened the case for the prosecution. The thorough researches of Daubanton had put him in possession of its whole history and circumstances, and he had only the comparatively easy task of marshalling in the most formidable array the forces at his command. This he was abun-

dantly able to do. Experienced, sagacious, and subtle—versed in all the technicalities of criminal law, and familiar with all the artifices and subterfuges of criminal defence, he was one of those dangerous antagonists who always availed himself to the utmost of the strength of his own cause, and yet never failed to take advantage at every point of the weakness of his opponent's.

He began by exciting the indignation of the jury more against the crime which had been committed, than against the individuals charged with its commission. Highway robbery, particularly of the mail, had grown fearfully common in France at that particular time, and it was a matter of general concern to the community that it should be suppressed. To this end the magistracy were unanimous in their determination to spare no pains to bring to justice and condign punishment, the perpetrators of crimes so odious. The immediate particulars of the case, as they would appear from the evidence about to be produced, were then detailed, and the guilt of all the accused insisted on beforehand as an inevitable result.

Inevitable, so far as Lesurques was concerned, it appeared, indeed, when the women whose evidence had led to his arrest, repeated on the stand, in open court, the statements they had made before. The two men, besides, persisted in their declarations. They swore positively, both the women and the men, as to their having seen Curiol and Lesurques together in the Cabaret at Lieursaint. As to Guesno, they were less positive. There was nothing striking in his face; they were pretty sure, but not so sure as they had been on the preliminary examination. Lesurques, especially, was fully recognised by them all. Each one swore point blank that he was one of the party who passed through the village, leaving just before the malleposte. The young girl, Jeanne Alfroy, was confronted with him. She produced the spur again, and repeated the story she had told before. Lesurques was interrogated by the tribunal—

"Can you explain this statement?"

"Neither the witness nor the spur," replied he, "have I ever seen before, save on the day of my arrest."

"Oh, infamous!" cried the girl, "both me and the spur you saw well enough on the 8th of Floréal."

The case was with the defendants. Du Prat called his first witness, "The Citizen Monnet, rue Montmartre," and in answer to the call, the worthy landlord left the side

of Lisette, and descended to the witness' stand.

It was owing to no success of Du Prat that he had appeared in court. The young lawyer had never found him in. But Lisette, after a fruitless and discouraging search for Madeleine, determined to make a final appeal to the landlord, and promised Du Prat that she would bring him herself to court, whither she had determined to go, whatever the hazard or the result might be. Accordingly she brought to bear upon old Monnet for the second time, the resistless battery of a woman's entreaties. She wrote him a note, asking his forgiveness for any inconvenience she might have occasioned him on the night of their visit to the Conciergerie, assuring him of the entire innocence and certain acquittal of her husband, and begging him as a supreme act of friendship and humanity to come up into the *troisième* and lend her his further aid in her affliction. This note Mother Babet conveyed to her master on the morning of the trial. Greatly to her surprise, it produced a wonderful effect on his mind and actions. He discharged himself forthwith from his week's imprisonment, and in fifteen minutes' time was knocking at Lisette's door. The result of the conference was the entire reassurance of the citizen as to his personal safety, and, to his utter amazement, his surrender at discretion to the beseechings of Lisette, that he would go with her to the Palais de Justice—give his honest testimony in the case, and leave his own judgment in the matter to depend upon the issue of the trial. The night before he would have cut his own throat sooner than have yielded it up in this way to the very blade of destiny, but the poor man had no powers of resistance against such arguments as Lisette's tears, entreaties, and bright eyes!

But when he found himself absolutely within the dreaded walls of the Palais de Justice, and heard his name pronounced by the *Greffier*, he would have given an irrevocable deed of all and singular the premises in the rue Montmartre, and of every other item of worldly goods he possessed, to anybody on earth, could he only have been safely back in the *rez de chaussée*, or transported to the wilds of Tartary, or the pyramids of Egypt. Even the poor wretch Bernard, who all through the trial had been trembling and shaking with fear, and suffering in advance all the horrors of the doom he shortly expected to hear, was a picture of self-possession and calmness compared to the landlord. Once away from Lisette's side, he was adrift

upon an ocean of selfish apprehension and vague terror; he had just sense enough left when he got to the stand to comprehend that he had taken an oath, which he regarded as a first symptom of perdition, and that he was now completely identified with the horrid butcheries and plunderings of which the public accuser had drawn so dreadful a picture in his hearing only one hour before.

"There is only one way left," he thought (if the process of instinct sharpened by fear can be called thinking), "perjury is better than the guillotine." So he ignored all knowledge of Lesurques—denied that he even had seen him before—and so far from having known anything of his movements during the day and night of the murder, heaven forbid that he should have kept track of a murderer and mail robber. He lived in his house, that was true, and he had paid him rent; that was true, too; but he knew him not, and had nothing to say in his favor. Lisette wrung her hands, and could scarcely keep from breaking out against the cowardly perfidy of the old wretch. Du Prat was in despair. He had the good sense to get rid of his unfortunate witness as soon as he could; and the citizen, without a look at Lisette or anybody else, got outside without further delay, and in half an hour's time was put to bed by Mother Babet, in a fever of imprecations, groans, and direful forebodings.

The other witnesses did better. Guesno accounted for every hour of the fatal day. Lesurques had spent most of the morning and afternoon in making purchases for his new establishment in Paris. Some of the shopkeepers knew him personally, and most of them, on being brought on the stand, recognised him at once. D'Argence, linen draper, in the *rue du Tour Honoré*, swore that the prisoner, Lesurques, was at his establishment at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and made purchases to the amount of 100 francs, of which he had kept no account as the sum was paid at the moment. Ledru, designer, *rue Croix-des-petits-Champs*, saw him about one; the prisoner paid him a visit, partly of friendship, for they were old acquaintances, and partly to engage his services on a piece of work which he promised to give him. Dixier, watchmaker, *rue Beaujolais*, sold him a clock about four in the afternoon. The clock was not to be delivered for a fortnight, as it required regulating and a few repairs. The witness was certain as to the man. He was in his shop for three quarters of an hour; and gave his name as Lesurques, saying that he had

recently arrived in Paris, and had been recommended to the witness by a friend at Douai. Trouré, bootmaker, *rue du Marché-d'Aguesseau*, Aldenhof, jeweller, *rue Neuve-Egalité*, and ten other witnesses, in all fifteen respectable and well known tradesmen, recognised him, and swore in the most positive manner that they had seen and conversed with him on the 8th of Floréal, some of them as late as five or six o'clock in the evening. One of them, to assure the judges that he could have made no mistake in the date, stated that upon that day he, the witness, had served in the guard of the city. The Registers of the National Guard were produced, and the entries of the day confirmed his testimony.

The witness on whom Du Prat had placed the most reliance, was one Leynaud, a jeweller in the *Palais Royal*, an acquaintance of Lesurques, who had seen him in the evening, at seven o'clock, when he sold him half a dozen tea spoons, and several other articles, of which he had made entries in his day-book, specifying the separate items, and charging them to Citizen Lesurques, *rue Montmartre*, No. 37. The Tribunal demanded an inspection of this book. It was sent for and brought into court. The Public Accuser turned over its leaves, and scrutinized particularly the entries referred to by the witness. Advancing towards Leynaud, and pointing with his finger to the margin of the page, he said in a stern, sharp tone, "Will the witness explain these erasures?"

Leynaud took the book, and by some fatality there had been a mistake in entering the sale. Instead of charging it as the last item in the accounts of the 8th Floréal, it had been registered as the first of the 9th. The mistake had been discovered a day or two afterwards, and the book-keeper, who was summoned on the instant, corroborated it fully. But all in vain. The Public Accuser seized upon this unlucky incident as a proof positive of connivance and fraud, and denounced the whole defence as an elaborate scheme of perjury and deception. The judges and the jury, whose prejudices had been turned against Lesurques by the testimony of Jeanne Alfroy, were immediately armed with new and keener suspicions; and Du Prat saw with dismay the fair fabric of his defence, to which every additional piece of testimony had been adding strength and solidity, suddenly tottering to its base. He had reserved Leynaud for the last, as his strongest witness, to prove the *alibi*, and he had

not another on his list to call. He had recourse to the evidence in his possession of Lesurques' good character and high standing in society.

Such testimony is very effective and useful to strengthen a case already strong, and confirm impressions previously favorable. But in Lesurques' case it did not meet the weak point in his defence, or repel the sudden danger that threatened it. There was nothing in it to rebut the strong tendencies against him which the unfortunate issue of Leynaud's testimony had created; and the consequence was, that instead of strengthening, perhaps it only weakened his chances of success.

Still, nothing could have been more complete in its way than the testimonial to his character which this evidence elicited. Twenty-four citizens of Douai, all of them of the first respectability, some of them old men, who had known him from his childhood, bore uniform witness to his honesty and virtue. It appeared that he was a native of Douai, had lived there till the age of twenty-one, when he joined the army, and after that had only returned at intervals to his native place. He had married there, however, and his family had always remained there during his absence. In the third year of the republic he had retired from military service, and returned home; had invested the property which he had received in marriage, and his own, in funds, which produced him an annual income of 10,000 francs; and after spending a year at Douai, he had communicated to his friends his intention of coming to reside with his family at Paris; a project which he carried into execution on the 1st of Floréal, arriving at the capital only seven days before the murder was committed. It was proved that his disposition was amiable, his habits exemplary, his tastes refined. "How was it possible to conceive," asked Du Prat, with a just emphasis, "that a man of property and family, and unblemished reputation, who had just established himself in this handsome style in Paris, and had devoted himself chiefly to preparation for the comfort and convenience of his wife and children, should, all of a sudden, transform himself into a highwayman and a murderer? The whole amount divided amongst the accomplices, of whom there were six, appeared to be 20,000 *livres*. For one sixth of that sum could it be that Lesurques had deserted the path of honesty and honor in which he had walked steadily before?"

But the last word was with the Public Prosecutor, upon whom these certificates

of character produced not the slightest impression. He dismissed them as unworthy of being allowed to enter into competition in the minds of the Tribunal or the jury, with the overwhelming force of facts and inferences which he insisted pressed home the guilt of Lesurques, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Relying upon the strength of the testimony against Curiol, Bernard, and Richard, for their conviction, and almost conceding the innocence of Guesno, who by good fortune had been present at a banquet on the night of the 8th, and was recognised by fifty individuals, and with regard to whom the evidence of identity had been less convincing, he threw his whole strength into an attack upon the defence presented by Lesurques. The number and respectability of the witnesses who had preceded Leynaud, had staggered him in his convictions of Lesurques' guilt. The fatal discovery of the altered entries reassured him in his first position, and excited him to redoubled exertions. Assisted by the strong prejudices which naturally, but unreasonably, had taken possession of the court and jury; assisted, too, by the over confidence of Lesurques and Du Prat, and the inability of the latter to meet by experience, and coolness, and skill, the exigencies of his case; his arguments and conclusions came with tremendous force and a fatal certainty.

Lisette trembled under the gathering fears which struck to her heart and chilled her hopes with their icy, paralysing gloom. Lesurques was calm and confident; calm in the assurance of his innocence, confident in the justice of his cause. Du Prat felt a withering conviction of his mismanagement and want of forethought. The life of his client might be the penalty of his folly.

The jury had retired for their deliberations. The judges were discussing together the last topic of the day; the spectators calculating the chances of the verdict; Guesno and Lesurques encouraged one another; Lisette sat with her face buried in her hands, heedless of the attentions of her friends from Douai, who after giving their testimony had gathered around her with a common sympathy, heedless of the place and the scene; all her thoughts and faculties and powers, united in one last, earnest prayer, against the fearful evil that she felt was about to burst upon her. Suddenly a voice was heard without; she started up, and looked eagerly, anxiously, into the crowd around the door. She listened intently. "I must enter; I must

enter, this instant!" It was the voice of Madeleine; and in a moment more she had made her way through the throng, and gained the open space within the bar, directly in front of the Tribunal. Her face was pale, and worn, and haggard; her eyes almost wild in their expression of mingled terror and resolve; she raised her hand, and in a voice husky and broken with agitation, demanded to speak to the President. He leaned forward to listen. Madeleine turned, and pointing to Lesurques, cried out, "This man is innocent; as innocent as a child; the witnesses have made a fatal mistake. They have confounded him with another—with the true murderers. They look alike, and the witnesses have mistaken Lesurques for the real criminal. It is Dubosq whom they saw at Lieursaint; but Lesurques is innocent. I saw him myself the very night of the 8th, on the Boulevards des Italiens, and besides I know—"

Here she stopped short. All this while she had avoided Curiol's eye, and had looked straight at Lesurques; but involuntarily as the last words escaped her, she turned her gaze upon the former. He had risen from his seat, and stood staring upon her, his eyeballs almost starting from their sockets, and every line of his countenance distorted with rage and fright.

No wonder Madeleine stopped. She was not equal to the task she had undertaken. Ever since her meeting with Lisette had informed her of Lesurques' arrest and imprisonment for the crime of which she knew Curiol to be guilty, her duty to him, doubly conscious and certain as she was of his innocence, and her power to prove it, had been struggling with her recent vows and her sense of the new peril in which she would involve Curiol by appearing as a witness at all, and of the certain destruction she would bring upon him if, to clear Lesurques, she disclosed the confession which had been made to her. Finally, yielding to an irresistible impulse, and determined to risk all in an effort to save the man of whose innocence she was sure, she had rushed to the Tribunal. At the critical moment her heart failed her, and at the sight of Curiol she sank half-fainting upon the desk in front of the bench.

"What is it you know besides?"

"Oh, he is innocent! he is innocent!" was all that she could ejaculate.

"It is too late," replied the president, "the evidence and the debates are closed; the verdict will be decisive, whatever judgment it may pronounce."

"Then," cried Curiol, speaking for the

first time since the trial had begun, having hitherto maintained a dogged silence and indifference, "then, Madeleine, speak on. Say that I confessed to you—as I did—that my accomplices were Durochat, Rossi, Vidal, and Dubosq. It is the truth, as I stand here. The witnesses have mistaken Guesno for Vidal, Lesurques for Dubosq. They are innocent, both of them."

The president of the Tribunal took snuff. He consulted with his brother judges; they shrugged their shoulders. Such proceedings were inadmissible; the trial was an *affaire finie*. It would never do to admit these irregular declarations; and so they all agreed. It was a relief to see the jury returning to their box; they would be rid of the whole thing the sooner.

The jury had agreed. That brief moment of suspense, unequalled perhaps in its peculiar intensity by any other interval of doubt which occurs in the course of human affairs, was over. The verdict was pronounced. Guesno was acquitted; Richard was found guilty as an accessory

after the fact; Bernard as an accessory before it; Curiol and Lesurques as principals and perpetrators of the crime.

"I am guilty! I confess my crime!" cried Curiol; "I am willing to die. But Lesurques is innocent; before God, I swear it."

The public accuser rolled up his papers, and put off his robes with the air of a man who has done his duty. The judges retired into their chamber, the crowd dispersed, and the servants of the court came in to sweep and dust. Lesurques was led through the dark passage which conducts to the cell of the condemned. He thought not of his trial, of the verdict, of the guillotine; he forgot his accusers, his judges, himself, all; all save that piercing shriek, that wild laugh, which rang through his brain a moment after the fatal judgment was pronounced. Was it the last time that the voice of Lisette should come to his ears this side the grave? alas! that it should come in the cry of a broken heart and the frenzied laugh of a maniac!

#### IX.

##### DUBOSQ.

In an innocent man, convicted and condemned to death for the crime of another, calmness is courage, and resignation is heroism. In the extremity of his misfortune, Lesurques was courageous and heroic. In his imprisonment before the trial, he had been sustained by the companionship of Guesno and by the certain expectation of acquittal. Transferred to the solitary cell of the condemned, with the fatal "guilty" of the verdict, which shut down his life to a criminal's doom, and his memory to a criminal's reproach, and that more fatal cry which pierced his soul with an added and immeasurable anguish, still ringing in his ears, he fell at first into a withering, despairing stupor. But, rousing himself from this, he looked his destiny full in the face, and addressed himself to meet it. No one was allowed to see him. He could learn nothing of Lisette, of his children, of his friends. But he knew that the heart which had been bound up with his through so many seasons of sympathy and sunshine would break beneath this sudden and overwhelming tempest of calamity. In comparison with this his own misfortune seemed insignificant—this was his own greatest misfortune. But even here the consciousness of innocence and the religious trust which he invoked, furnished him with solace and support. The mystery of his fate he was unable to fathom, but he did not murmur

at its incomprehensible severity. "Ma bonne amie," he wrote to his wife, hoping that she might yet be able at some day to recognise his familiar handwriting, "no one can fly from his destiny. I am going to be juridically assassinated. I shall meet my fate with a courage worthy of my previous life and profession, and of my innocence. I send you a lock of my hair. When the children have grown up, share it with them. It is the only legacy I can leave them. Tell them that I died the victim of an error."

He wrote another letter. It was to Dubosq, the wretch in whose place he was condemned to die. It was to be published in the journals, where Lesurques thought it would doubtless meet the eyes for which it was intended.

"You, whom I have never seen, but instead of whom I am about to die, be content, I pray you, with the sacrifice of my life. If you are ever delivered to justice for the crime which you have committed, remember my death, remember my children, covered with disgrace, their mother plunged into despair, and do not seek to prolong the miseries caused by this fatal resemblance. Relieve the odium of my memory by a confession of your guilt."

"I declare," said Lesurques to his confessor, "that I pardon from the bottom of my heart the witnesses whose mistakes

and the judges whose prejudices have condemned me. One day my innocence will be established, and they will feel that my forgiveness is not an idle act."

Curiol made full confession of his crime. But with every avowal of his guilt he coupled an asseveration of the innocence of Lesurques. "Before the trial," said he, "I never saw him. He resembles Dubosq in size and in his features. Dubosq has dark hair, but on the day of the murder he was disguised with a light colored wig. It is the blond hair of Lesurques which has confused the witnesses."

These statements of Curiol, steadily persisted in, and constantly reiterated by him, as if he hoped to afford some expiation for his own guilt in establishing the innocence of his fellow-condemned, reached the ears of Daubanton. Although his duties had ended with the preliminary investigation of the case, he had not lost sight of its progress, and had watched the result with interest. The history of the trial, the declarations of Madeleine, and the revelations of Curiol, of all which he was informed, threw a terrible light upon the bewildering and mysterious contradictions of the case. He admitted in his own mind the possibility of Lesurques' innocence. Once admitted, the idea gained strength with every new reflection. Daubanton dreaded to contemplate the issue of his own beginnings. In a few days the sentence would be executed. Something must be done. He himself superintended an appeal to the Court of Cassation, but there was nothing upon which to base it—the proceedings throughout had been regular, the verdict was final. He then appealed through the Directory to the Legislative Committee of the Five Hundred, in a complete report of the case, calling upon them to overstep the usual bounds of their authority, and, in view of the extraordinary circumstances, to order a review of the proceedings, and at least a respite for the condemned. The "*Corps Legislatif*" pronounced without delay upon this petition. They decided against it. "All that has been done," they said, "has been in strict accordance with the rules of criminal procedure. A case of particular hardship cannot justify the infraction of forms and usages permanently established and uniformly adhered to."

In the meantime every exertion on the part of the police to discover any traces of the accomplices indicated by the confession of Curiol had proved fruitless. Thus, one by one, every avenue of escape for Le-

surques was closed. The last day before the execution came and went; the fatal morning arrived. Daubanton despaired of saving him. Unable to drive the subject from his thoughts, and unwilling to dismiss the last hope of rescue, he passed a sleepless night, and, as soon as he rose, went in search of Guesno, who had not ceased since his own discharge in his efforts for the deliverance of his unhappy friend. Thunderstruck at the result of the trial, and self-accused, when he thought of his own share in its procuring, as the immediate though innocent cause of the whole misfortune, he had given up all his time to the care of Lesurques' family and to furthering the steps taken by Daubanton, in vain, on his behalf. The appearance of Madeleine at the Tribunal, tardy and ineffectual as it was, had suggested to Guesno a chance of securing Dubosq through her instrumentality. He lost no time after the trial in finding her. Conscious of the certainty of Curiol's fate, and horrified at the fatal consequences of her guilty delay, she accused herself as the murderer of Lesurques. Her knowledge of the crime and the criminals might have prevented his condemnation had it been given to the Tribunal in time. Now it was of no use. Curiol had confessed to her the names of his accomplices, and the share of each in the transaction; but he either had not known or did not choose to disclose their places of concealment. Madeleine had no clue to their discovery.

"If Dubosq could be produced before the day of execution," Guesno had said to her, "Lesurques could be got off. The mistake would then be seen through in an instant. If you could find Dubosq you would save Lesurques."

"I would give my life if I could," replied Madeleine. "Dubosq was the guiltiest of all. He used to bring Vidal with him to see Curiol, and the three were always together. They gambled in concert at the tables in the Latin Quarter, and divided the winnings when there were any to divide. He proposed this scheme to the other two. I knew nothing of it, but I have often heard him urging them to some project which I never comprehended, but which I know now was this very affair. Where he lived, whether in Paris or in the suburbs, or in the country, I never knew. No, Lesurques will die—and Curiol will die, too. He was always kind to me; he had a brave heart—would to God I could take his place—it is I who deserve the guillotine most of all; I am the murderer of the innocent."

Daubanton found Guesno in his room. To the eager question of the latter, "Have you come to give me any hope for my friend?" he shook his head sorrowfully. "Hope, I fear, there is none. Every chance seems to be cut off. I feel as if all that I could do for him now must be done not in the way of effort, but of sympathy. How is his wife and where is she?"

"She is at Douai," said Guesno, "I carried her there five days ago with her children. Lesurques' sentence carried with it, as a matter of course, a decree of confiscation. Everything at his lodgings was seized, and the wretch of a landlord from whom he had hired, insisted that his family should remove on the instant that their month expired. I never saw a more brutal fellow; he seemed to be in an agony until they left. I thought they had better be taken at once to Douai. We took the journey by post; poor woman, she did not know which way she was going. She raves dreadfully, and such fancies as she has you never dreamed of, I'll be sure."

Daubanton shuddered.

"If his wife or children are ever in want—as they may well be, if all his property is finally condemned—I enjoin you to apply to me; what little I can contribute to their relief I will cheerfully give. I am distressed beyond measure by this case. Had I done otherwise than I did, my conscience would have accused me of neglect of duty, but as it is, my heart bleeds for this victim of inexplicable circumstances. But some one knocks at your door."

Guesno had not heard the knocking. He had been thinking of Lisette and that homeward journey to Douai. He started as Daubanton spoke, and hurried to the door.

It was Madeleine. She entered hastily and out of breath.

"I have seen him," she said—"I have seen him. Oh! if it should be too late!"

"Seen whom?" cried Guesno.

"Dubosq!"

Daubanton started to his feet. Madeleine had not perceived him before, for she was all excitement. She stopped and looked at Guesno.

"Go on," cried he; "tell us where—lose no time—this gentleman here is our best friend—be quick!"

"He is in the *rue d'Estrées*, near the *Champ de Mars*," replied Madeleine. "I have done nothing since I saw you but walk, walk through the streets; I cannot rest, I cannot sleep, I cannot think, so I wander over Paris, day and night, night and day; and this morning, just at day-break, as I was passing near the *Halle aux*

*Vins*, close to the corner by the quai, I met him: I passed as near as I am to you, but he was looking the other way and didn't see me. He has altered his appearance, but I knew him—I could swear it was he. I followed him—he kept through all the narrowest streets, and it was hard work to track his course. Twice I thought I had lost sight of him. He went on past the *Abbye aux Bois*, and then into the *rue de Babylone*, and so into the *rue d'Estrées*. I marked the house, though I did not dare to go near. It is an old deserted *hostellerie*; nobody lives there, I am sure. I think he opened the door with a key. I waited a few minutes, but he did not come out. Doubtless he only ventures out at night, and he will lie there all day. Quick, quick, let us go at once and arrest him!"

Daubanton had not lost a word. He was standing with his watch in his hand, and looking at its face as though he grudged every moment of time whose flight the rapid movement of the second hand marked with its regular, incessant ticking.

"Eight o'clock, and at ten he dies—there is no possibility of respite. You are right, there is not a moment to spare. The *rue d'Estrées*, it is two miles from here—follow me—both of you—we may yet save him!"

"God grant it!" cried Guesno, and the three hurried into the street together.

That part of Paris which borders on the famous *Champ de Mars*, was at the period of our writing, thinly populated, and little frequented. It was a suburb within the *Barrières*; a cold, bleak region in winter, and scorchingly hot in summer. Sensible people rarely went into its neighborhood unless there was a race at the *Champ de Mars*, or some grand spectacle, national or military. On the *rue d'Estrées*, leading from the vicinity of this great public plain towards the city, there were only a few houses scattered at long intervals, and of the poorest description. That which Madeleine had indicated as the hiding-place of Dubosq, had been built years before, but was pretty far gone in dilapidation and decay before it was pitched upon by an enterprising landlord, who thought that a *cabaret* and tavern in the vicinity of the *barrière* could not fail to be a good speculation. But the speculation had proved a very unlucky one, and the building was left to go to pieces without a tenant; and in the third year of the Republic was little better than a barn. Still, the stone walls were standing, and rude shutters inclosed

the windows, and any one disposed to have made the rue d'Estrées the theatre of antiquarian research, might have discovered that though the door leading into the ground floor of the building was very old, it had been favored with a new lock, and on penetrating into the interior he would have found that the broken old steps leading into the second story, conducted to a narrow hall choked up with rubbish, out of which opened a habitable apartment, fitted up with a bed, some chairs, and cooking furniture.

The occupant of this room, on the last morning with which our story has anything to do, was an individual whose movements we had lost sight of since the conclusion of the first chapter, until the chance discovery of Madeleine. It was indeed Dubosq, who had flattered himself that he had secured a retreat to which he could never be traced by the utmost exercise of police vigilance. A more experienced villain than either of his accomplices, he had provided himself beforehand with this place of concealment, of which they knew nothing, and in which he had kept himself immured, never venturing out except at night, and then in the most cautious way. He trusted to new crimes and the lapse of time to divert the attention of the police from this particular case, and had gradually assured himself of his perfect safety, and was planning new projects of still greater daring and richer results. The three thousand *livres* to which his share in the division of the booty had amounted, he concealed in the ground floor of this building, waiting for an opportunity of enjoying it at his leisure.

It crossed his mind that morning, as it had done repeatedly before, that after all this money was pretty hardly earned. The danger and risk of killing two men, and the unpleasant recollections of the act, the *ennui* of a tiresome and lonesome concealment, and above all, the contingency of detection in spite of all precaution; these things came uncomfortably into his mind. He had been imprisoned at *Bicêtre* once, and knew how disagreeable that mode of punishment was. But the guillotine—that was worse yet. Bah! it could never be. He was safe enough. Nobody could recognise him as he was, and how could the police ever dream of the *rue d'Estrées*?

Nevertheless he couldn't sleep that morning. He got up from the bed on which he had been lying for an hour or so, and walked up and down in the room. It was quite dark, for the bowed shutters were

nailed against the windows, which were in sad want of glass, and the light came only through the crevices and chinks, and through a small hole which he had cut in the panel as a look-out, large enough to command a view of the street, but so small as not to be noticeable from without. By chance he went to the window, and took an observation through this loophole. It was but a moment's glance, and yet he started back from the spot—turned pale as death—and clenched his fists with rage. Guesno, Daubanton, and Madeleine had just arrived at the house. Dubosq saw neither of the former; but Madeleine he perceived, and recognised her in a moment. He discovered his danger at once. How she could have come by a knowledge of his secret—what motive she could have for his betrayal, he did not stop to ask himself. He felt an unmistakable conviction that his hiding-place was discovered, and that unless he could escape at once, he should fall into the hands of justice. Throwing on his coat and seizing a pistol which lay on the table, he opened the door of his room, and groping his way through the narrow passage outside, over the heaps of rubbish which had lain there in rickety confusion for years, he gained a flight of steps which led down into a sort of court or back yard at the rear of the old *hostellerie*, on the other side of which were the stables. Underneath was a cellar, entered by a trap door on the stable floor. Dubosq had explored every corner of the old building, and it was this cellar, the entrance to which no one would be likely to find except by accident, or after the most persevering search (so completely was it hidden and kept out of thought as well as sight by the piles of brick, stone, and rubbish, which choked up the stable), which he had pitched upon as the very spot of all others in which, if worst came to worst, he could be safest from detection. A better hiding-place, he fancied, could not have been devised. To this cellar, therefore, he betook himself; he crossed the court, groped his way through the dark, deserted stables, lifted the trap door, and went down three or four stone steps into the cellar.

It was half filled with water. He was almost up to his knees the first step he took. That was bad, but not so bad, Dubosq thought, as a dry dungeon in the *Conciergerie*. After all, he would only have to stay there all day, and then he could creep out at night and make his way off without being perceived. He sat down on the steps and drew his feet as far as he could out of the water. Everything was

slimy and cold, and slippery. Sharp, rheumatic twinges shot through his back and loins, so chilly and icy was the atmosphere of the place. To spend a whole day there would be dreadful; but then it was more dreadful to think of venturing out again into the very clutches of the police. So he rested his hands on his knees, and tried to forget cold, hunger and fear, and make himself comfortable in his underground retreat. It was hard to do, but there was no alternative.

He had been in this condition, he fancied, for three hours—perhaps it was not half that time—when the thought came to him, possibly after all there was no such sudden danger. That accursed mistress of Curiol, perhaps, was only reconnoitring the premises. Who knows but what she has left the place, and at this very moment the coast is clear; or if she brought officers with her, perhaps they have searched and gone away again. He stood up and half lifted the trap door, as he thought. It creaked on its rusty hinges. The noise frightened him, and he let it fall suddenly. But that very noise was the signal for his destruction. A moment more, and he heard a trampling through the rubbish overhead, the trap door was violently opened from without, and he was dragged from his hiding-place by strong hands and a determined, resistless grasp.

"Quick, Guesno, quick," cried Daubanton, as they two, leaving the detected criminal in charge of the police officers whom they had brought with them, hurried from the hostellerie into the *rue d'Estrées*. "We lost more than hour on a false scent. The time is spent, but there may have been some delay in the execution; there almost always is. Mount there with the driver, and urge him to the utmost. A hundred *livres* if he gets us there in time."

"To the *Place de Gréve*," cried Guesno, leaping to his seat, and the carriage whirled over the rough pavement, and on towards that fatal square, as fast as the horses could gallop.

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The *Place de Gréve* was quite deserted. A few idlers only lounged in the shadow of

the Hotel de Ville, close by the fearful but familiar guillotine. There it stood stern, silent, implacable—the image as well as the instrument of destiny—mocking the sunshine with its infernal frown. The black blade was still dripping with bright red drops of blood. Daubanton and Guesno were too late. The execution was over. Lesurques had perished—the victim of fatal errors and judicial folly.

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That night the river rushed under the heavy arches of the Pont Neuf, as swollen and rapid as before; but no restraining hand, no remonstrating voice, interposed for the second time, between the suicide and her fate. No one saw her when she fled in a delirium of despair from life, as from the worst of tortures, to death, as to the last resort. No one rescued even her lifeless body from the swift waters, as they whirled in shifting eddies onward towards the sea.

The trial, conviction, and execution of Dubosq, the real criminal, took place shortly after the death of Lesurques. The witnesses whose testimony had led to the arrest of the latter, acknowledged their error on being confronted with Dubosq. His resemblance to Lesurques, and the color of his hair, had caused their mistake. At the same time, notwithstanding the proof positive thus afforded of Lesurques' innocence, no judicial recognition of it has ever taken place. The decree of confiscation passed against his property, remains unrepealed. It is worthy of notice, however, that the Senator to whom the estates were awarded under the Imperial Government, refused to accept them, saying as he did so, "I will not reap the harvests from acres which have been snatched from the heirs of an innocent man, condemned for a crime which he never committed."

The family of Lesurques, through the instrumentality of M. Salgues, a well known man of letters, made repeated exertions to procure, by an act of "rehabilitation," a legislative vindication of his memory. All in vain. In the eyes of the law the innocence of Lesurques is to this day a matter of doubt!

## FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

THE event of the past month in this, the Empire State of our publication, has been the opening of the Erie Railroad from the city of New York to the shores of Lake Erie; and we shall be compelled to drive our car editorial with equal speed and directness, with a flying view only of many rare scenes and hopeful topics as we rush along. First and foremost we might acknowledge that, as the President is beset with flowers, in bunches, baskets, and gardens full, cast upon him by the way, so are our windows darkened, or rather agreeably shaded, by a free shower of books discharged from the great publishing world. First, from the baronial stronghold of the Brothers HARPER, Cliff street, comes tumbling in that weighty Greek Grammar of BUTTMAN'S, with an undoubted voucher in Prof. ROBINSON (sailing hence, by the way, to the old world in this present June, whither all kindly wishes go with him and his accomplished lady, the well-reputed TALVI!); Captain CONGAR'S Memorials, presented to the public by Rev. H. T. CHEEVER, who always arrests the attention of a large circle of admirers; M. COMTE'S Philosophy of Mathematics, appropriately translated and introduced by Professor GILLESPIE; then, obedient to their usual wide-sweeping variety, we have ACHILLI'S "Dealings with the Inquisition;" that capital book of eloquence and gossip, PHILLIPS'S "Recollections of Curran," and a whole Mississippi more of entertaining, useful, and valuable books and serials, which may be always safely taken for granted from that press! Here let us say that among books of the month are not a few we should like to linger upon, such as "Episodes of Insect Life," from REDFIELD, an almost perfect specimen of the re-production of an attractive English book; from DEWITT & DAVENPORT'S a most serviceable Pocket Companion for Mechanics, got up at great outlay, and edited in "first rate" style by OLIVER BYRNE; Major RICHARDSON'S popular "Wacousta;" a new novel, "Rebels and Tories," by LAWRENCE LABREE, Esq., who is master of the art of seizing and securing the attention of the masses by his honest narrative of unaffected patriotism; a new book by our Indian friend, G. COPWAY; and the concluding numbers of the admirable Boston edition of SHAKSPEARE, from PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., who have touched our manly sensibilities by the promise of the Poems, soon to follow; Messrs. TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, too, are busy as spring bees with honeyed publications and promises of the comb to come—among them the "Real Robinson Crusoe," by the author of the charming "Picciola," neatly rendered into English by the gentle-fingered WILBUR. CHARLES SCRIBNER publishes Mr. WILLIS'S "Hurrygraphs," which prompts us to regret that talent so considerable, and at

times unquestionably happy and brilliant, should be compelled by the literary usage and condition of the country to employ itself so exclusively on the hurried topics of the moment. As on the sea we have many kinds of sailors, so the land, too, has its variety of adventurers, and in the book-trade the miscellany is by no means the most limited. For instance, we have in JOHN S. TAYLOR, a well known publishing "salt," who "has sailed, has sailed," the inky sea, anytime these twenty years, with varying fortune; sometimes rough waters and losses, again prosperous gales and satisfactory returns, but *always* afloat; now hoisting the HEADLEY flag at his masthead (as in divers recent speculations), now with the white pennant of ABBOTT, with "The Ladies' Keepsake," a capital little monthly pleasure vessel, ornamented with pictures and well stored with reading-provender in the hold. Good breezes attend the good captain!

. . . Our friend, young Salt Water, has our best wishes in the career he has selected, and which he so successfully enters upon in the ensuing attempt. We have not spent any considerable portion of our life at sea, but the use of sea-phrases in the hands of our young friend seems to us singularly happy and accurate. We give the song and the letter accompanying:—

**GENTLEMEN:**—I am passionately attached to the ocean. I adore water generally; in fact my wife says it is one of my amiable weaknesses. I wash my face and hands in it every morning, eat my soup cold and very salt from a butter-boat, and grease my boots with slush, by way of getting up an illusion. I read all the nautical novels and sea-songs that I can lay hands on, and flatter myself that, as far as writing goes, I can handle the bolt ropes in a companion-way. I send you my first attempt—a sea-song. You know that all pirates, and rovers, and bo'suns, and gunners, and other captains always sing songs and choruses, and are quite remarkable for their musical attainments.

This is intended to be sung by a man with a large quid in his cheek—which he keeps in motion very like an ox—in a black tarpaulin hat, big-bottomed breeches, belayed by a broad band and big buckle, white stockings, rattan, cutlass, and pumps:

## THE ROVER'S SONG.

Sheet home the fore-hatch, boys, the main truck close haul,  
Let go the stern chasers, the knight-heads let fall,  
Belay the broad foremast, the dead eyes cast loose,  
Take a pull at the kelson, unfurl the caboose.

[June,

Ho! man at the bo'sprit, steer port, hard a lee,  
Look out at the tiller, glance over the sea,  
For lo! from the leeward more fierce blows  
the gale,  
The chronometer's rising, the cat-heads turn  
pale.

Brail up the kedge anchor, take in the lee  
shroud,  
The sough of the tempest is fitful and loud ;  
Stand by with that gun, the deep sea lead to  
throw,  
To caulk the main hawser, all hands haste be-  
low.

By old father Neptune ! cook, tend to your  
prog,  
You have fractured my shins, sir, by heaving  
the log ;  
So full of knots is it, 'twere better on shore,  
Bring here the tar-bucket, and quick pitch it  
o'er.

Have done with your funning, you beggars  
afloat,  
Quit your monkey railing, quit that jolly boat ;  
Mate ! clap on a spanker, right hard at the  
stern ;  
Your vile pipe, sir bo'sun, how dare you to  
burn.

The grampus her broad wing flaps over the  
sea,  
Above the wild waves, the mad porpoise flits  
free,  
The dog watch's unchained, to a minute it's  
right,  
I'll turn in on the maintop, good night, lads,  
good night.

SALT WATER, JUNIOR.

. . . . Five editors of London journals, Messrs. Russell of the *Times*, Leon of the *Morning Herald*, Woodson of the *Morning Chronicle*, Stuart of the *Daily News*, and Ludwyck of the *Illustrated London News*, were lately travelling together in the north of the Island of Zealand, and presented themselves one morning at the historically famous and royal castle of Fredericsburg near Elsinore. The travellers happening to arrive at a time when the king was staying at the castle, were told by the superintendent that he could not permit them to enter. But his Majesty of Denmark, hearing that the representatives of the London press desired to view his residence, immediately ordered them to be admitted, and received them with the greatest affability in his cabinet. He then directed that they should be attended throughout the buildings and the grounds, and after their return they found a *déjeuner* prepared and two of the carriages of the court placed at their disposition to return to Elsinore ; at which place the visitors safely arrived, charmed with the graceful hospitality of the king.

. . . . " Any person having in his possession a copy of Wirt's Life of Thomas Jefferson (old edition) can find a purchaser for the same by applying at this office. Also, wanted a copy of an old work entitled 'The Adventures of a Kuzzilbach.' " This notice, which we find in a contemporary, is capital in its way—the old edition asked for being so very old an edition that Wirt was never known to have seen it in *his* lifetime. He did write, however, as is well known, a life of Patrick Henry. The *copy of an old work*, Mr. Morier's Kuzzilbach, is good, too, and reminds us of a book-borrowing request the other day from an old lady, who presented her respects with the desire to know if she could procure *an old novel*, which she had fallen in with some time since. It was an excellent story, and she would like to see it again—it was called *the Vicar of Wakefield*.

. . . . One of the cleverest inhabitants of this, our western continent, combining, as he does, with manifold personal excellences, a free and fortunate pencil in landscape, with the pen of a ready writer in correspondence, and something more than that in poems with which the public is pleased to be acquainted ; if (as we surmise) he be conductor of the "Flit" correspondence in his brother's excellent paper, the "Southern Literary Gazette," gives us another confirmation—which we scarcely needed—of the many good gifts of a friend, T. ADDISON RICHARDS. A slice from a late letter, by way of sample : " One more *Art* item. Mrs. BEMAN, the great Nassau st. shirt-maker, has been wrecked, it seems, by her dashing venture into the fashionable sea of Broadway—cast, so to speak, on her Beam-en's. Not leaving her late premises so promptly as her successors desired, she has been rudely collared and ejected by the police ; with all which sad tale she tears our bosoms, in a pathetic 'card' in the newspapers, in which, among other touching threads of narrative, she says : ' My removal sign was, despite my reserved rights, violently torn down on Saturday, and henceforth no vestiges of me or mine need be looked or inquired for at No. 1 Astor House, either inside or outside of that store ! ' She very justly talks of suing her aggressors, or at least of giving them a good basting—a course which every unbiased mind will consider very fitting. Mrs. Beman's card is diplomatic, having an eye to the future. It is as full of business as of bruises, and, while writing it, she no doubt laughed in her sleeve. It clearly intimates her hope, that despite the shifts she is at present compelled to make, she will soon again attain to the dignity of shirts ! A-hem ! "

. . . . A bird of passage (in the shape of a young fellow-citizen, WILLIAM BARBER, of the New York bar), making wing for California, drops a cheerful feather as he parts company with friends, who wish him a speedy flight, a well lined nest, and a safe return :

## THE RING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRUN.

I sat upon a mountain,  
My home was far away,  
Below me hilly ranges,  
Green fields, and meadows lay.

There musing, from my finger  
The ring I loosened free,  
Which, as a parting token,  
My true love gave to me.

Then like a glass I held it,  
The far off scene to show,  
And through the little circlet  
Beheld the world below.

I saw the verdant mountains,  
The fields of golden corn,  
Ah! such a lovely picture,  
Such frame might well adorn.

Here quiet cots enliven  
The woody mountain's side;  
There ploughs and sickles glitter,  
The flowing stream beside.

And yonder sweeps the river,  
Athwart the level land;  
Beyond, the far blue mountains  
Like granite sentries stand.

The white domes of the city,  
The forest's green array,  
The clouds, that like my spirit,  
Are speeding far away.

This world of ours and heaven,  
The tribes and homes of man,  
Like farewell to a picture,  
My golden ring doth span.

Oh! pleasant sight to witness,  
By love's own circlet spanned,  
This world of ours and heaven,  
Earth's children and their land.

W. B.

. . . . Song reminds us of JENNY LIND, Jenny Lind of BAERNUM, and Barnum of all that is prompt in action, comprehensive in enterprise, daring in announcement, and successful in execution. We have heard a thousand comments on the Lind concerts, and not one, whatever other exception was taken, which did not freely acknowledge the boldness and success of the great Manager; to whom, by the way, thanks for the order for "six editors" to see the show at Newark! Barnum cannot contemplate things on a small scale; even editors to him present themselves (like other wild creatures) in droves.

. . . . Whether Mlle. LIND is married or to be married, we know not. We are informed by an observer of acknowledged shrewdness that, at a concert she attended lately, whenever a certain baritone was before the audience, Jenny

appeared in a private box, as if specially interested in his success! Gossip will have its way with all of us.

. . . . Mr. PUTNAM'S book-temple still keeps open gates in Broadway, and is constantly enshrining new divinities and calling in new crowds of worshippers. The classical serials, COOPER, IRVING, etc., are still in motion, with the "Household Words," "Political Economy," from OPDYKE, "Romance Dust," from MAYO—always pleasing and progressive in narrative—"Serpent Worship," from the wide-awake American, SQUIER, with rare announcements of forthcoming novelties. HOLDREDGE has placed us under peculiar obligation by a neat edition of BARRYDT'S poem of "Life," of which we promise ourselves hereafter an attentive perusal and a full report. A. S. BARNES & Co., among the most active and prosperous book-makers of the country, are issuing a uniform edition of the graphic writings of the late Rev. WALTER COLTON, opening the series with the popular "Ship and Shore," in good print, illustrated, and altogether neatly presented; *all* the publications of this house, we may safely say, are of reliable interest and value.

. . . . To return a moment on the track, we should have mentioned with particular commendation a new and complete—we believe the *only* complete—edition of BARRY CORNWALL'S "English Songs and other Small Poems," from Apollo's secretaries-in-chief at Boston, to wit, TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS aforesaid.

. . . . With our compliments in passing along to T. B. PETERSON & Co. for various of their popular cheap publications; to STRINGER & TOWNSEND for similar issues and their excellent and varied "International" (a second cousin to HARPERS' New Monthly, by the mother's side), we defer further acknowledgments of printed paper and cloth cover till we have clear desks in July.

. . . . Here is that everlasting P. P. (perpetual punster) again, with two sacks of toys upon his back. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

## A FAMILIAR LETTER.

DEAR "FAMILIAR":—And rightly named you are, too, very familiar indeed upon a short acquaintance; why, no longer ago than last April you must write a long string of your *proverbial nonsense*, and put the saddle upon my back. I thought one "familiar"—the printer's devil—was quite enough in an office; but I have no intention of calling in question your right to the title, for you certainly have played the very deuce with me. In self-defense, I send you a sample of *my* proverbial philosophy, and although some of the maxims may have seen daylight before, yet I shall take a father's privilege of giving them another airing. By printing them you will make some small reparation to a much-injured indi-

[June,

vidual, and apply a balm to the wounded feelings of

Your much-aggrieved friend,  
P. P.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"TRUTH LIES IN THE BOTTOM OF A WELL."—If this time-honored saying be a fact, and Truth is guilty of mendacity when occupying the basement of an aqueous depository, we should advise her to—

"LET WELL ALONE"—Which proverb the man, who the other day had his arm broken by the windlass of one, had better have attended to in time.

"MAKE A SPOON OR SPOIL A HORN."—The man who spoils many *horns*, will generally succeed in making a spoon of himself.

"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM."—Yes, and the early man very frequently catches the fever and ague.

"NECESSITY HAS NO LAW."—Lies like an epitaph. Necessity has altogether too much law for its own benefit, but per contra, poor necessity can get no lawyers.

"LOSE THE HORSE OR WIN THE SADDLE."—Many men, in obedience to this precept, succeed in losing their horses, and thus gain a *sad-ill*.

"ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER."—No! quite the reverse—for a summer makes one swallow a great deal. Union, however, is strength, and although one of the species is impotent, yet a certain quantity of swallows are apt to produce a fall, especially if they be taken in gins.

"WHEN CHOLER ABOUNDS DISEASES ARE GENERATED."—We never could account for the immense amount of *collar worm* by young physicians and medical students until we met with this proverb.

CREDIT LOST IS LIKE A BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS.—Exactly. Rather hard to shave with any longer.

MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES.—A maiden lady of our acquaintance objects very strenuously to the first part of this proverb, for she says the men don't propose at all.

BACCHUS HAS DROWNED MORE THAN NEPTUNE.—Don't know about this. His submarine highness has caught many a chap "half seas over."

INNS AND FRESH ACQUAINTANCES ARE DANGEROUS.—No doubt of it in the world; and inns are the very places of all the world to meet *fresh* acquaintances.

AFFECTATION IS AT BEST A DEFORMITY—Especially if there be a *bustle* about it.

A HASTY MAN NEVER WANTS WOE.—We think rather differently; a hasty horse certainly does very often.

BUSINESS IS THE SALT OF LIFE—Which accounts for business being so excessively dry.

"NO PAINS NO GAINS."—Strictly speaking, this is only applicable to the glazier's profession, but inverted, will answer for certain land-owners in New Orleans, who confess, with tearful eyes, "no Gaines no pains."

"RAGE IS A BRIEF MADNESS."—We confess our error, having hitherto supposed that the only BRIEF madness was the propensity some men have of being eternally in the law.

"ALWAYS AIM AT WHAT BECOMES YOU."—Most ridiculous advice. Just imagine a man setting up his best coat for a target, or blazing away at a becoming beaver.

"HUMILITY IS THE HIGH ROAD TO HONOR."—It certainly is, and well trampled upon, too, by all travellers.

"A LITTLE RAIN LAYS MUCH DUST."—The reign of our corporation is a little reign—a very little reign indeed—but it lays no dust; on the contrary, kicks up a dust occasionally.

"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."—This proverb was doubtless made for the Southern trade, and is probably applicable to the equatorial regions. It is not intended for general use, as in England the rain is always mist, while in France the reign does not appear to be missed at all; in fact it seems to be "all hail for the Republic!"

"BEAUTY IS THE FLOWER AND VIRTUE THE FRUIT OF LIFE."—Very true as far as it goes, but we shall add that politeness is the bough, graceful carriage the stalk, calumny the bark, and death the leaves.

"AVOID A SLANDERER AS YOU WOULD A SCORPION."—Exactly; look out for their tales—there are stings in them.

"HE IS THE BEST GENTLEMAN WHO IS A SON OF HIS OWN DESERTS."—An Arab, then, must be the perfection of gentility, being universally known as the son of his own deserts.

. . . Even amidst the gaieties of our dear droll, a melancholy comes upon us at considering the long train of worthies, both personal and general, which passes us unnamed on the other track; such, for instance, as the Annual Festival of the Artists' Sketch Club, with Mr. HAGAN's graphic poem, the pleasantries of CAF-FERTY, the dignity of President WALCUTT, and the "general joy of the whole table;" the numerous good gifts of Messrs. APPLETON in a succession of solid and agreeable publications (of which "more anon"); in a word, happy are the readers of the DOLLAR that all the flowers and fruits are not gathered at one fell sweep—the horn of plenty seems endless, about four times as long as that instrument of Triton's, blown in public by our friends, the fish-venders. We prolong the silvery tan-tara-ra into another volume of the DOLLAR, to an attendance on the many-toned orchestra whereof we invite, with promise of a hearty welcome, all present readers of our Cheap and Comprehensive monthly.

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